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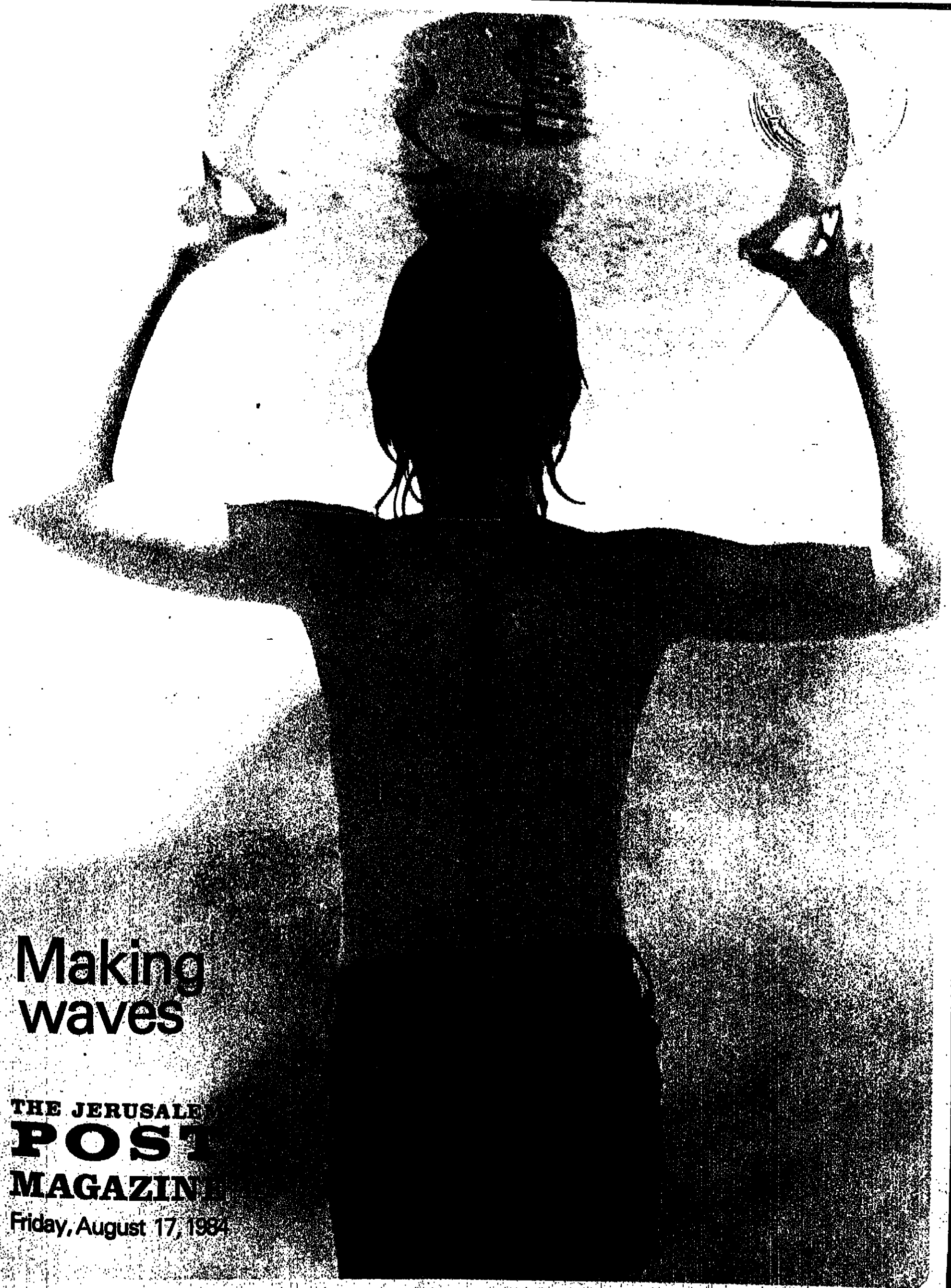
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**POST**  
MAGAZINE

Friday, August 17, 1984



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**FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1984**

**THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE**

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On the cover, Israel Talby's photograph of a boy and a surfboard in an Israeli summer.

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IS THE American administration going to demand that we put our economic house in order before they approve their grant-aid programme to Israel? I put this question to Dan Halperin, minister in Washington for economic affairs and the man in charge of negotiations on business topics with the U.S. government.

He thinks not. "I don't believe they will lay down conditions regarding the existing level of aid." The figure will come to \$2.5b. or \$2.6b. during the year beginning in October. This assistance is largely military, and the Americans have an interest in bolstering Israel's defence posture.

"But if we ask for an increased appropriation in view of the economic difficulties facing the country," Halperin goes on, "then other considerations may come to the fore." He denies point-blank the press report that Israel is requesting a 100 per cent increase in the size of its allocation. "That is nonsense, but we may need a measure of extra support to sort out the hard situation in which we are entangled."

"There is a readiness to give a hand, if we need it. In that case, we must expect that George Shultz and the U.S. government will ask to see our rescue plan and to hear what contribution we propose making towards our own recovery."

"They don't intend to bail us out while leaving the fundamental problem unresolved. If no remedies are applied, we might come up with the same emergency demand next time round, a prospect which they don't relish."

What is the purpose of the current visit by a delegation of U.S. congressmen headed by Sam Gibbons, chairman of the trade subcommittee in the House of Representatives?

"Under the American Constitution, authority to deal with matters of foreign trade is vested in Congress, not the government. Congress assigns to the government the power to negotiate tariff reductions."

"Last week, the ninth session of our government-to-government negotiating teams on the proposed free trade area (FTA) took place, this time in Israel," which is why Halperin is here at the moment. He heads the Israeli delegation. Heading the American delegation is Mrs. Doval Cooper, of the U.S. Department of the Treasury.

"We have ironed out the main problems and no more plenary meetings will be needed. Such questions as are still outstanding will have to be handled by the two of us, Mrs. Cooper and myself. If some of the nuts are too hard to crack we shall have recourse, as three times in the past, to a face-to-face meeting between Gideon Palti, our minister of industry and commerce, and Ambassador William Brock, the U.S. trade representative."

"The final decision will rest with Congress. Mr. Gibbons's delegation is here on a fact-finding mission. The Senate is further advanced than the House in dealing with the bill. It has a Republican majority, so is more responsive to proposals emanating from the administration."

"The House of Representatives is dominated by the Democrats and takes a slightly more protectionist stand. Mr. Gibbons himself, though a Democrat, favours the FTA proposal, I'm glad to say."

WHAT ISSUES are still outstanding between the two governments? "Staging," that is, the pace at which the various tariffs will be reduced. The aim is that tariffs should be down to zero in both countries by January 1, 1989 — the deadline for



## STOCK IN TRADE

Dan Halperin, who heads the Israel delegation to the free-trade talks with the U.S., explains the proposed treaty and its effects to The Post's DAVID KRIVINE.

zero tariffs between Israel and the Common Market. (A handful of ultra-sensitive products may take longer.)

By then, industrial goods will enter Israel without any customs duties whatsoever, both from Western Europe and from the United States, source of the great bulk of Israel's imports. Can our industry survive the pressures of such unrelenting competition?

"Half of Israel's industrial output is already marketed abroad. And that proportion will have to increase, since we must double and treble our exports to make both ends meet."

"So we are competing with the advanced countries in world markets, and will have to compete more over the coming years. It's like a football team which plays some of its games at home and some away. We can hardly expect to win all the matches on foreign pitches if we are incapable of facing the challenge on our own home grounds, can we?"

AGED 42 and the father of five, Danny Halperin is one of the rising Treasury stars. He started off as spokesman to the finance minister in the days of Pinhas Sapir, and has headed the economic mission in Washington since 1979. He talks quickly and argues lucidly.

That has served him well in the States. "What I like about that country is its open-mindedness. People in official positions listen, you can get through to them. They judge a case on its merits. They are ready to admit they are wrong, they'll say: 'You made a point, you've convinced me' — it's quite remarkable."

"The system in America is different from elsewhere, it might be described as centripetal. In most countries the persons in power know everything, they generate the ideas which make policy. In the States, the ideas come in from the periphery, politicians listen to their constituents. Everybody is free to state his case. The challenge is to prove your point, to persuade your interlocutor that you are right."

"Lobbying is a dirty word in Europe; in America it is acceptable procedure. People defending an issue in which they have an interest

are allowed to have their say. The principle of free competition applies in debate as it applies in business."

"By arguing your case well you can actually change policy. That statement is the greatest tribute I can pay to the American way of doing things."

TALKING about arguments, many Israelis argue that Israel already has free entry for its industrial goods under the GSP treaty, which provides special dispensation for developing countries. Why give free entry to American goods in return for something we already have?

"Because the GSP concessions are confined to fixed quantities of export, also they are in force for a limited period of time. The present treaty expires on January 1, and will have to be renewed. Will it be renewed? Shall Israel be included in it every time it is renewed?"

"Critics point out that 95 per cent of Israel's exports to the U.S. are tariff-free at the present time. They assume that the volume of our exports is maximal — but perhaps it isn't. Perhaps we only sell those items which are tariff-free, and could sell more if the zero tariff applied without limit."

"The GSP agreement," Halperin concludes, "is static. Only so much can be sold. The FTA is dynamic, trade with the U.S. becomes completely free, albeit in both directions."

HE EXPECTS the free-trade treaty to be operative by the beginning of next year. Will everything be clear sailing after that, or are there obstacles?

"There are obstacles, but they can be overcome. The Americans tend to be prickly over subsidies. They are the only country to impose countervailing duties on imports which are subsidized in the country of origin."

"Happily those duties don't apply to products which are duty-free, or to supplies from countries that are signatories of the 'subsidy code' (which obliges them to eliminate their subsidies in stages)."

"Even in those cases however, the authorities have to be satisfied that

the import causes no 'material damage' to the local industry."

"We shall therefore still have to face the material-damage test; and the Americans won't give us a free ride on that one. If Israeli exports are subsidized and that subsidy helps some of our items to undercut the competing American item, new tariff barriers are liable to be erected."

What subsidies are we talking about? "Low-interest loans to Israeli manufacturers, both for working capital, and under the Capital Investments Law for development." What is to be done about that? Halperin is curt: "We shall have to make changes — and we are ready to do so."

Anything else? "The BOP problem." (Those initials! In the U.S., BOP stands for "balance of payments.") "Countries suffering deterioration in their BOP are permitted under GATT (the General Agreement for Tariffs and Trade) to increase their customs duties temporarily, so as to help the economy out of a jam."

"But Israel is in a chronic BOP jam, Americans say. What if it uses the GATT provision to slap 'emergency duties' on its imports despite the FTA?"

"And not only that. Israel has reached the end of the road with its inflationary full-employment policies. An austerity programme is unavoidable — and that will cause imports to shrink. The American public will have the impression that Israel benefits from the FTA through increased exports to the States, while U.S. sales to Israel stagnate, because of the Israeli recession."

Halperin reassures his opposite numbers in Washington on both these points. "We told them that we shall not erode their balance of relative advantage. If emergency duties are imposed it will be a flat-rate increase for all, so that the total American duty will be lower than the total duty on imports from countries outside the FTA."

"As to a possible drop in imports consequent on programmes of economic retrenchment, the point of interest to the Americans," Halper-

in declares (and one can visualize him explaining all this assiduously to his open-minded audience across the Atlantic), "the point of interest to the Americans is that they should retain their share of the market."

"If Israel has no FTA with the U.S., the market share of the Europeans will grow because of the FTA treaty that Israel does have with the EEC; and the market share of the U.S. will decline."

He adds: "Israel's civilian exports, excluding oil, total \$8b. The Americans account for 22 per cent of that, a figure which could increase percentage-wise. Besides," he adds another shrewd thrust "if Israel tightens the belt, the aim will be to cut consumption while promoting investment."

"Consumer goods are mainly durables, and they come from Europe not the States. What Israel buys in the U.S. is investment goods. So," he concludes triumphantly, "the US should suffer less than other countries and may suffer not at all from our expected economy measures."

ISRAEL is arguing its case aggressively, and making brave concessions too. What are the holdups then?

Halperin: "You must remember that the free-trade arrangement with us marks a turning-point in the Americans' foreign economic policy. They have never concluded such a pact before with any country — other than one with Canada limited to automobiles and motor spares."

"The treaty with Israel will set a precedent, and that causes apprehension. The AFL-CIO labour federation is making hostile noises not because they fear the destructive effects of imports from Israel, but because they ask themselves whether this may not be the thin edge of the wedge."

"There are advantages for us in being the first. It is a manifestation of the close ties which exist between the two countries. It creates bonds other than the purely military and strategic ones."

"But there are also handicaps. Everything has to be negotiated from scratch. Being first is not all a bed of roses."



THE AUSTRALIAN director Bruce Beresford (*Breaker Morant*, *Tender Mercies*) has just completed filming *King David*, the first Bible story to come out of Hollywood in a generation. The \$20m. feature, produced for Paramount by Martin Elford (*Officer and a Gentleman*), with a script by Englishman Andrew Bukin, is based on the lusty, violent Old Testament Book of Samuel.

Played by Richard Gere, David will not be a larger-than-life, Cecil B. De Mille hero. He won't even be a brilliant and dedicated leader of Israel. Instead, he is depicted as a womanizer, who marries five times and paves the way for his conquest of the comely Bathsheba by having her husband eliminated. A great militarist and statesman, he expands the borders of Israel until the kingdom stretches from the Nile to the Euphrates — annihilating his neighbours as he goes. He kills as ordered by the God of Israel — whom he dares to dream of meeting face to face. His family life is a disaster: Amnon, his son by Ahinoam, rapes Tamar, his daughter by Michal. Another son, Absalom, kills Amnon in revenge and is banished to Hebron. There, incited to rebel against his father's rule, he is slain by loyalist troops.

Movie mogul Tarkenton Ben Ammar opted against letting Paramount film *King David* in his country because he did not want Tunisia exposed to charges of anti-Semitism. "It depicts a very aggressive David as a conquering, bloodthirsty warrior," said Ben Ammar, "with all the historical parallels you can care to draw."

Paramount's Jewish lawyers "were terrified because they thought the portrayal of David was anti-Semitic," according to Elford, who was brought in as producer when the ninth draft of the script had been reworked yet again. "The Israelis, on the other hand, loved the character — but then they've read the book."

Unlike Tunisia, Israel very much wanted the prestigious 18-week production. Beresford and cameraman Don McAlpine weren't overly impressed by the country, however, and their Oscar-winning set director Ken Adam (*Barry Lyndon*) didn't find locations suitable for a circa 1000 BCE film — Jerusalem's oldest buildings only date back as far as the Roman Empire. After being turned down by Morocco, *King David* was taken to Italy and hit such a streak of bad luck that some crew members wondered if the vengeful God of Israel wasn't punishing Beresford for rejecting the Holy Land.

A virus put both Beresford and Gere temporarily out of commission. Extras went on strike for extra pay. Many locations were so remote as to be almost inaccessible. Living accommodations were often less than

# King-size David

'King David,' starring Richard Gere, is intended to be 'the first Bible film that doesn't whitewash the hero.' It was filmed in Italy. PEARL MILLER reports.



luxurious. "Worse," in June, sunny Italy suffered the severest cold spell of the century. At Cesano, the suburb of Rome where set designer Adam built King Saul's citadel from scratch, on a field usually used by the army for testing tanks, members of the production team wore sweaters and light jackets.

In the rock-strewn hills of Campi Imperatore about 150km. to the north, there was still so much snow on the mountains in June that Paramount had to send tractors in to break up drifts. In the midst of filming, local ski resorts reopened. One day was lost to a hail-storm. Three months behind schedule, the wild flowers which traditionally mark the coming of spring broke into riotous bloom, rendering useless fields picked for their barren look.

Cameraman McAlpine, like Beresford one of the "old men" of the Australian cinema industry, spent hours lying flat on his back, peering at the dark skies through a square of neutral-density gelatine stapled to

an ice-cream stick. Extras took to wearing sweatpants and windbreakers over their skimpy tunics.

BUT BERESFORD was not perturbed. "I've had inappropriate weather on all but one of my films," he said. Against all odds, with the help of Elford, who spent every day on the set, the well-organized, mild-mannered Australian managed to complete filming less than a week behind schedule.

The flamboyant Beresford, whose rumpled clothes were usually as pic-

ture as his speech, has been with the project almost since its inception.

"Paramount approached me with a script they were not bothered with, and that I wasn't read about either. But I told them that with the right script, I would be passionately keen on doing *King David*. Because of the project I'd just read the Old Testament for the first time and I thought it was fantastic how the Bible portrayed great men with all their faults. What made David so interesting were his strengths and his weaknesses. I wanted to do the first Bible film that didn't whitewash the hero."

A film addict, whose favourite pastime on the set was playing cinema trivia with Elford, Beresford prepared for the production by seeing "a great stack of Bible movies which just happened to crop up on Australian television, including *A Story of David*, which starred Jeff Chandler."

"I was horrified to discover that it didn't matter which period the film was about, they all looked like the period in which they were made," said Beresford over lunch in the production's Italian canteen whose *al dente* pasta and gorgonzola cheese was a constant attraction for the Australian contingent and Gere.

The British crew generally opted for boiled beef and vegetables at the English tent.

"They also all tended to look rather Roman and a bit pushed-up-market (Australian slang for up-graded). You don't get a sense from those films that they took place in primitive times. I was most struck by Pasolini's *The Gospel According to St. Matthew* and Zeffirelli's *Jesus of Nazareth*, which were both beautifully done. I studied those films closely as they faced the same problems as *King David*, even logistically, and I was interested to see how they handled costumes and sets. I had a terrible phobia about letting someone paint Jerusalem onto a back-lot wall."

RECREATING Jerusalem, which was still a small town when David took it from the Jebusites some 3,000 years ago, became production designer Adam's major challenge. After a long search, he settled on Matera, a sleepy, partly-abandoned southern Italian town perched on the edge of a ravine, and used as a movie location once before by Pasolini.

"Matera, which has been continuously inhabited for 3,000 years, appeared to Bruce and me," said the elegant, Berlin-born Adam, who still speaks with a trace of a German accent.

"Matera is all stone, and there is poetry in the stones — it is very sculptural. The landscape is so diverse that we built 17 sets within a

small radius using as a backdrop the ancient, now deserted old town. Pisticci, a 75 sq. km. desert owned by an oil company and located half an hour from Matera, became the Negev. The medieval city of 'Trico, which collapsed 15 years ago, became Hebron. We found the right place for Saul's encampment at the bottom of a gorge so deep that we had to hand-carry down all camera and sound equipment, canteen and eating facilities, and the portable toilets.

"The real problem was David's palace. There was no building imposing enough, so in the end we joined two together with a new facade. That, too, was difficult, because we really don't know what Jerusalem looked like at that time... Archeologists in Israel are only now beginning to excavate bits of wall from the period. I drew heavily on the Assyrian-Babylonian bas-reliefs and Egyptian drawings. The tabernacle, which held the Ark of the Covenant, was easier as the Bible outlines precisely, and in detail, how it was built and with what wood."

To one side of the palace, Adam built the gates of Jerusalem through which Gere, wearing the briefest of loin-cloths, enters the city triumphantly for the first time. Eyes flashing, long curls flying in the wind, he dances passionately through the streets. Many members of the team predict that this most sensual scene will be even more memorable than the frames in which David, as a young shepherd boy, soothes the troubled King Saul by singing the 23rd Psalm.

Adam did so much research that he became "as conversant as if I'd lived during the period," Beresford

read the Bible so often that he recently scored 100 per cent on a Bible quiz he found in a newspaper. Oscar-winning costume designer John Mollo (*Star Wars*) probed so deeply into the scanty literature available that he discovered that the Israelite women of the time wore nose rings and tattooed their cheeks and foreheads, while the men wore earrings.

Another director might have discussed such detail, but Beresford is a stickler for authenticity. As a result, Mollo's costumes are so simple that probably neither the late Edith Head (*Sansoni and Delilah*, *Ten Commandments*) or Enrico Sabbatini (*A.D.*) would have taken the job. Although the scene becomes progressively richer as the Israelites make the transition from nomads to urban dwellers, garments are basic: tunics, sashes and turbans, all made from rough cotton or linen, all dyed earth colours. To differentiate between nobility and common folk, Mollo varied the amounts of braid and jewelry.

Even the stunts are not grandiose by Bible picture standards. Gere is doing most of his own fighting, including the killing of Goliath. Coordinator Alf Joint only had to hire 40 doubles, mostly for what he calls "hack and slash battle-scenes, which have to look brutal." There aren't even as many chariot sequences as might be expected. Before David becomes king, perhaps half way through the film, the Israelites have neither chariots nor bronze weapons. Such sophisticated war toys had to be captured from the enemy tribes.

"Bruce is a very contemporary director, who is very straightforward, has very good taste, and always tries to capture the 'normality'

of the period, even if it seems abnormal by today's standards," said the jovial Elford, stationed as usual outside the wardrobe trailer which served as a field office. "This approach was the reason for his success with both *Breaker Morant* and *Tender Mercies*, and determined the tone of this picture. Do people want to see realistic Bible films? It's a great gamble on the part of Paramount. I think people want to see films of quality, which I hope this will be."

THE ELUSIVE Richard Gere, who as usual is not giving interviews, whizzes by on a small motorcar, already costumed for the scene that will give audiences their first glimpse of him. When casting began, Gere was the first choice of Beresford, who has followed the actor's career closely since *Days of Heaven*. Edward Woodward, who plays Saul, was not as lucky.

"This is the only part I ever fought for," said the distinguished British actor, who won international acclaim with the title role in Beresford's *Breaker Morant*. "Fourteen months ago I was offered another role. I refused, saying only Saul — this strange, pained king who becomes fixated on death once the prophet Samuel says he no longer rules with divine authority, and eventually kills himself."

Regal in bearing, a mane of grey hair and a full beard framing his large head, Woodward laughed as he aped an Australian accent: "You can't play Saul," he said, imitating Beresford. "According to the Bible, Saul was the tallest man in Israel."

Woodward won the battle by insisting that the adjective in Hebrew was, in fact, "biggest." Spurring him

on was the chance to work once again with Beresford, a superb director who is most understanding of actors and most perceptive.

"He planned the whole concept, the story board and all the shots with McAlpine long before anyone was cast. Nothing looks mechanical, but he's already got it all in his head, and what other people bring to it he receives like a desert absorbing water."

Many of the lines spoken by Saul were lifted directly from the book of Job to which, like Ecclesiastes, scriptwriter Birkin found himself drawn.

"I really raided that book," said the London-based Birkin, in a telephone interview. "I came to this project with no Old Testament background at all. Paramount originally asked me to rewrite that first script, which was done in the de Mille mould. I asked, 'Why do David at all?' They said: 'It's a wonderful story, with parallels to *Star Wars*. You know, they saw David as a Luke Skywalker and Samuel as an Obi-Wan Kenobi. They also suggested I not bother to read the original text."

"I found it difficult to cram the saga of David, which should really be a 10-part TV series, into two hours. I also found I couldn't respond to the books of confirmation, which include Samuel. If there is a God (I'm agnostic), I can't believe this is what he's like. I found the brutality and the logic too hard to take. I hadn't realized that in the Old Testament, God's commands were set out so clearly — there are no pink pages. It was hard to make God a hero. It was also hard in 1984 to write a film about our late lamented imperialists. This is not a Ten Commandments, the story of a be-

leaguered people in exile. David was the Cecil Rhodes of modern Israel. It was hard to make a case for him, the king who carved an empire according to the map dreamed by Abraham."

ACCORDING TO Rabbi Jonathan Magonet, head of the Bible department at London's Leo Baeck College, and religious adviser on the *King David* set, the one scriptural character absent from the film is, in fact, God.

"But I came in only two months ago, when the script was already given," said Magonet, whose college has supplied technical experts for films ranging from *Jesus of Nazareth* to *Yentl*. "The film will be very controversial; but I think the portrayal of David is most accurate. That's what makes the project worthwhile. There are several subplots I found hard to swallow, such as Bathsheba's relationship with David and to what degree she was put up to seducing him by her father. The David and Jonathan relationship, on the other hand, is straightforward, untouched by gay lib. There are also several remarks in the film that reflect a Christian view of the Old Testament, such as using the 'eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth' definition of justice."

"But I think that the great conflicts Birkin 'encouraged by Bruce' has dared to incorporate in the script show great courage. David was the greatest king of Israel: the most charismatic, the most creative and the most ambitious. He was a man driven by his quest for power, by his sexuality, and his religious beliefs. That Paramount dared show this on the screen is incredible. It could only happen in an era of adult cinema."

## WHO SAYS DANISH IS EXPENSIVE?

DEFINITELY NOT THE THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS WHO PURCHASE FURNITURE AT DANISH EACH MONTH.

Then who? Mainly computerists who have difficulty coping with the competition provided by Danish and those consumers who have never visited Danish and live under the illusion that Danish is necessarily expensive. Danish succeeds in giving the public better value for their money, by buying in quantity, by efficient handling and by its sales volume.

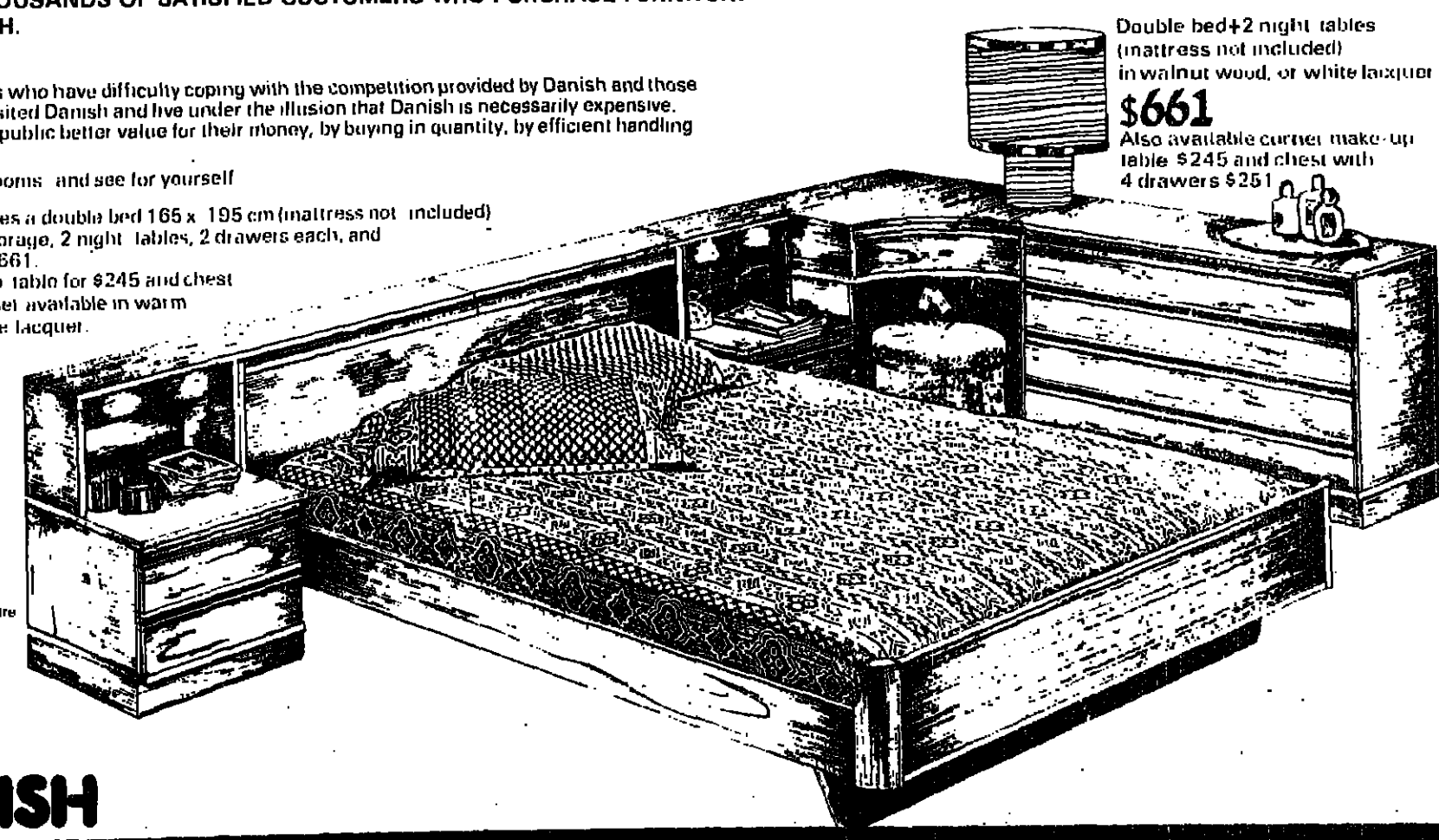
Visit one of the Danish showrooms — and see for yourself

The Capernaum bedroom includes a double bed 165 x 195 cm (mattress not included) Compartment for bed linen storage, 2 night tables, 2 drawers each, and built-in lighting — costs only \$661.

Also available corner make-up table for \$245 and chest with 4 drawers at \$251. The set available in warm tones of walnut wood, or white lacquer.

Payment in U.S. dollars according to exchange rate (Shaar Yatzig) on day of payment. Cash price includes V.A.T. and home delivery

RAMAT GAN: 104 Jibinsky St  
TEL-AVIV: Kikar Hamulina — Cor. Weinman  
PETACH-TIKVA: Kikar Aryeh  
JERUSALEM: 16 Shimon St.  
HAIFA: Stella Maris Centre, French Carmel, Acre Road, opp. Kiyat-Ale Cross, Road  
Kfar-Bhmaryahu: Shopping Centre  
BEERSHEVA: 4 Hebron Road  
ELAT: Shopping Centre Tzofit lit



Double bed+2 night tables (mattress not included) in walnut wood, or white lacquer \$661  
Also available corner make-up table \$245 and chest with 4 drawers \$251

**DANISH**

wherever you find it

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1984

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE SEVEN

(Below) Gere in three of his previous starring roles — as an amorous adventurer in *'American Gigolo'*, a military recruit in *'An Officer And A Gentleman'*, and an army cook in John Schlesinger's *'Yanks'*.





THE PRINCIPAL of a girls' college in Coimbatore, southern India, proudly pointed out a structure on her roof. "That's our solar heater," she said.

"I know," I replied. "We have them in Israel."

"Of course, that's where we obtained the model for ours."

The respect for Israeli technology and progress, and in general the positive feeling for Israel, was evident during our trip to the subcontinent. It contrasted sharply with the Indian government's outspoken anti-Israeli stance, apparent at the conferences of the supposedly non-aligned nations, but also noticeable in newspaper coverage of Israel. The official attitude was explained to us as being comprised partly of fear of the substantial Moslem minority, partly of oil, and unwillingness to jeopardize the flow of funds from Indians employed in the Gulf states.

India is an experience. My wife and I were told by Israeli friends who had lived in India, as well as by tourists, to expect the worst: dirt, deprivation, poverty beyond imagination. But they also mentioned the friendliness of the people and the extreme hospitality of the Jews. In our 16-day trip, which took us from Bombay on the west coast to Calcutta on the east, and from New Delhi in the north to Cochin in the south, we made it our business to visit our brethren.

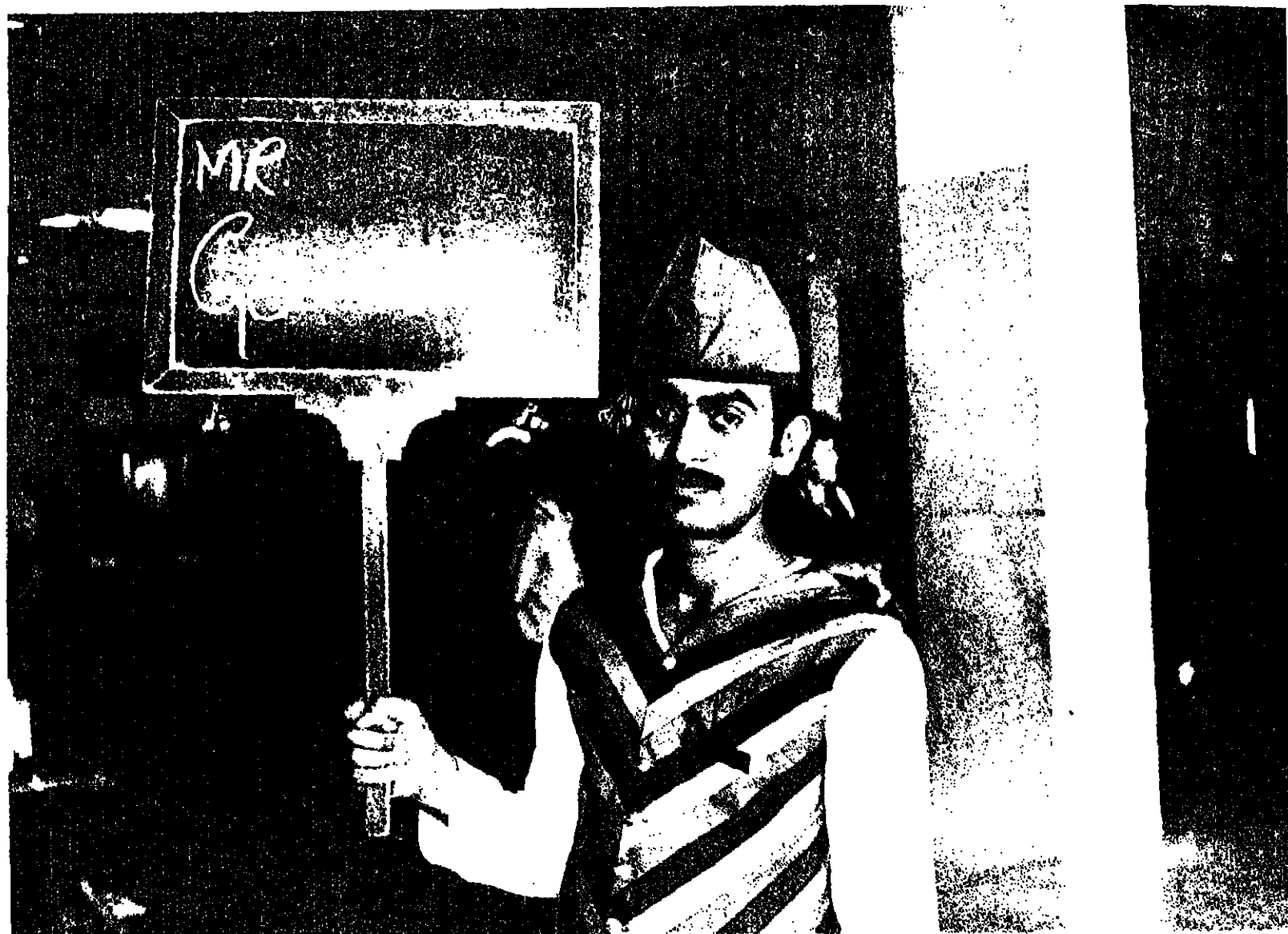
BOMBAY IS today the only centre of Jewish life, with some 5,000 to 6,000 Jews living in India's second largest city. The splendour of the handful of synagogues is in glaring contrast to the small number of Jews attending them. The community still consists of the two groups that comprise Indian Jewry, those of Oriental heritage and the Bene Israel. The former, who immigrated to India in the early 19th century, still maintain their traditional Sephardi customs. The ancestry of the Bene Israel is older and less certain.

Bene Israel tradition traces their origin to refugees from the Holy Land in the first century BCE, fleeing the religious persecution of Antiochus Epiphanes. Historians doubt these claims, believing that the Bene Israel's ancestors immigrated to India at a later date, perhaps as late as the 10th century.

In recent times, their selective practice of Judaism led to controversy over the status of the Bene Israel as Jews, especially insofar as marrying the Baghdadi Jews of India was concerned. Although responses from such rabbinic luminaries as Chief Rabbi Herzog and Uziel permitted these marriages, full acceptance of the Bene Israel moved ahead slowly.

The problem became more critical with the immigration of large numbers of Bene Israel into Israel after 1948 and their hoped-for integration into Israeli society. In 1962, the Rabbinic Council reaffirmed the earlier decision, but it took protest strikes by the Bene Israel in 1964 for their status to be finally clarified. Today, they are fully accepted as Jews.

THE BENE ISRAEL services in Bombay are certainly comparable to those in any Jewish community. The only obvious difference we noticed was barefoot prayer. While it is conceivable that this practice represents identification with the dominant Indian religions - Hindus and Moslems remove their shoes before entering their temples and mosques - the explanation we were given had to do with respect. Sidewalks do not exist in most Indian cities, so that the public walks in the streets and along



## The last generation

JONAS PRAGER visited the tiny remnant of the Jewish community of India. Here are his impressions. Photographs by Ehud Maletz.



PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

## POST PULLOUT GUIDE

### The Poster

#### ENTERTAINMENT

##### Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD - Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromine Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Ramada Renaissance Hotel, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM - Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE - Taste of Israel Dancers. Pamela Talmay folkdancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emeck Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ - Freddie Weisgal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nubia Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI - Solo performance. (Israel Museum, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - Hassidic rock with Selah. (Israel Centre, 10 Strauss, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

BEHIND THE SOUND - Matti Caspi and Shlomo Cronich (Neve Zedek, Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

SHLOMO ARTZI - New programme of songs. (Tzavta, at 9.00)

SHALOM HANOCHI - (Shavit tonight at 10.30 p.m.)

NURIT GALRON - (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gviri, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

HANOCHI ROSENNE - Pantomime for adults. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10.30)

GUITAR HAPPENING - with Flamenco guitarist, Baldu Olier. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

GABRIELOV LEGEND - with Micky Gahrielov and others (Tzavta, Monday at 9.00 p.m.)

FOLK MUSIC - The Parvurim and The Dudaim. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

EXITS - Musical cabaret (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tomorrow at 10.30 p.m.)

DUDU TOPIAZ - (Neve Zedek, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

##### Haifa

TOFA'AH - original Jewish contemporary music only for women. (Beit Abu Khushi, Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.)

##### Others

TOFA'AH - (Safad, Beit Habad, Hutan Sefer St., Old City, Monday at 8 p.m.)

#### THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

##### Jerusalem

CALIGULA - By Albert Camus. Khan Theatre production about the wicked Roman Caesar. (Khan, Monday through Thursday, at 8.30 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI, or THE SHORES OF SWITZERLAND - Beit Leislin production. A satire on Israeli society. (Beit Leislin, tomorrow, Sunday, Monday and Wednesday, at 9 p.m.)

CALIGULA - (Neve Zedek, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m., Sunday at 9.30 p.m.)

CLOSED CIRCLE - (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tonight at midnight)

THE FALL - By Albert Camus. Hasimiah production. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.)

GROS CALIN - by Emil Ajar, a satire (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, on the roof, tonight at 11.00 p.m.)

THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WHORE AND THE CLOWN - Mini Musical. Hasimiah production. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tonight at 10.00 p.m., and Monday at 9.00 p.m.)

INTIMACY - By Sartre. Hasimiah production. Two women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE KRUTZERSONATA - By Tolstoy. Beit Leislin production. A study of sex and jealousy. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 10 p.m.)

A MARRIED WOMAN - (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gviri, Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

NOT NOW DARLING - (Amal, Kfar Sava, tonight at 10 p.m.; Neve Zedek, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

PASODOBLE - by Yehoshua Sobol (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m., Monday at 9.00 p.m.)

"SHEM" - The passions and struggles of 3 (monthly workers. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

SIGNS AND WONDERS - Oded Teomi (Beit Leislin, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

#### MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

##### Jerusalem

TERRACE CONCERT - KWA Muhle Brass from South Africa (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 6 p.m.)

##### Haifa

OPERATIC SELECTIONS - (Haifa Museum, tomorrow)

GUITAR RECITAL - Yehuda Schriber (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

RECITAL - with the Mezzo Soprano Alon Kam (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

(For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.)

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) at the Sunday morning of the week of publication.



The dancelpantomime group "Mummenschanz" will be performing around the country during the week.

#### FOR CHILDREN

##### Jerusalem

CAGLIOSTRO THE FANTASTIC - Magic show. Plus acrobats, clowns, 5-piece band. (Israel Museum, Mayer Terrace, Sunday, Thursday at 5.30 p.m.)

CHARLOTTE'S WEB - film (Israel Museum Sunday, Monday and Thursday at 11.00 a.m., 1.30 p.m. and at 4.30 p.m., Friday at 11.00 a.m.)

SILENT STORIES BY PABLO ARIEL - 5-9 year olds (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 11.00 a.m. and 4.00 p.m., Wednesday at 4.00 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

"PANTO" - Musical pantomime with Hannah Rosenc and friends. (Beit Leislin, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

PRETTY BUTTERFLY - Entertainment from the TV series. Ages 3-6. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tomorrow at 11.30 p.m.)

T.V. TIME - Entertainment with stars of various Educational T.V. shows. (Wax Museum, Amphitheatre, daily at 11 a.m.)

#### WALKING TOURS

##### (In English)

##### Jerusalem

Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m., Thursday at 2 p.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.

Sunday at 2 p.m. - The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. - The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. - Archeology in the Jewish Quarter: Israelite Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. - Sites of special Christian interest.

Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. - The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem.

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. - The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Moslem belief.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3 1/2 hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

##### Archeological Tours

Daily at 9 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 2.30 p.m., Friday at 9 a.m. - Jewish Quarter archeological and historical tour.

Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 a.m. - Temple Mount Seminar, from First Temple period to the present.

Sunday through Thursday at 12 p.m. - Excavations below Temple Mount.

Sunday through Thursday at 2 p.m. - City of David, First Temple period.

Tours last approximately 2 hours. Meet at Cardo information booth, Jewish Quarter. Tickets on the spot.

##### Society for the Protection of Nature

Tours

Sunday at 7 p.m. - Walk on Old City ramparts. Meet Jaffa Gate.

Wednesday at 2.30 p.m. - Excavations of Western Wall. Meet Dung Gate.

Friday at 10 a.m. - City of David and Hezekiah's Tunnel. Meet Dung gate. Bring flashlight.

Registration at the offices of the SPNI, 13 Helene Hamikla Street, Tel. 222357, 244665.

Hiking Tours

Sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel. Meeting place: Next to the escalator in front of the Jerusalem Central Bus Station. Please bring hat, a canteen and walking shoes. Fee.

Sunday: Ein Gora, Nahal Kibbutz and train ride to Jerusalem - Meet: 11.40 a.m. Return about 5.30 p.m.

Monday: Fortresses and springs of the Judean Hills - Meet 8 a.m. Return about 2 p.m.

#### DANCE

##### Tel Aviv

MUMMENSCHANZ - Mime, pantomime and dance from Switzerland (Cameri, Wednesday at 5 p.m. and 9 p.m.)

##### Haifa

MUMMENSCHANZ - (Auditorium, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m., Sunday at 5.30 p.m.)

##### Others

MUMMENSCHANZ - (Ein Hashofet at 9.00 p.m.)

Tuesday: From Har Gilo to Jerusalem - Meet: 12.45 p.m. Return about 6 p.m.

Wednesday: The Judean Hills - Meet 8 a.m. Return about 2 p.m.

Thursday: Masrek Nature Reserve, Nahal Kibbutz, Marjory Forest - Meet: 9 a.m. Return about 3 p.m.

Friday: The Elzdon Bloc and Herodian Water Tunnel - Meet: 7.50 a.m. Return about 2.30 p.m.

##### Off-the-Beaten-Track

Sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Nature. Meeting place: Office of the Society for the Protection of Nature, 13 Helene Hamikla St., courtyard or Mt. of Agriculture. Please bring hat, walking shoes and canteen. Fee. TIII 1 p.m.

Sunday at 8 a.m. - Russian Compound, Hinnon Valley, City of David excavations, Silwan tunnel. Bring flashlight.

Tuesday at 8 a.m. - Old City walls from Jaffa Gate to Damascus Gate, Roman Gate, Armenian Mosaic, Tombs of the Kings.

Thursday at 8 a.m. - Ancient water systems in Jerusalem. Maricet dress required.

##### Other towns

Daily expeditions to old Jewish Quarter of Safad, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel. 067-30448.

## JERUSALEM Cinemas

### CINEMA ONE

Friday 10  
Saturday 7, 9, 10  
Weekdays 5, 7, 9, 10

STAR CHAMBER 4.30

Sat. Aug. 18

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER 7.45

HAIR 9.30

Sun. Aug. 19

THE SOUND OF MUSIC 4

LORD OF THE RINGS 6.45

STAR CHAMBER 9.30

Mon. Aug. 20

THE SOUND OF MUSIC 4

LORD OF THE RINGS 6.45

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER 9.15

Tue. Aug. 21

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS 4

HAIR 7

LORD OF THE RINGS 9.15

Wed. Aug. 22

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK 3

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS 5

ANNIE HALL 7.45

HAIR 9.30

Thur. Aug. 23

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK 3.5

ANNIE HALL 6

TRADING PLACES 9.30

EDWIN

2nd week

LADIES' HAIRDRESSER

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON

2nd week

ROMANCING THE STONE

Saturday 9.30

Weekdays 4, 7, 9

Tue. 11.30 p.m.

ZIGZAG STORY

HADIRA

2nd week

STAR WARS

Saturday 9.30

Weekdays 4, 7, 9

10.30: B.M.X. BANDITS

Mat. tickets, IS\$30

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Sun. Mon. 11.1.30.4

CHARLOTTE'S WEB

Tue. 6.8.30

TWILIGHT ZONE

KFIR

8th week

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

10.30: FOOTLOOSE

MITCHELL

3rd week

THE DRESSER

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 6.45, 9

ORGIL

2nd week

BLOOD WEDDING

Saturday 9.30

Weekdays 9

Weekdays 4, 5.30, 7

ARISTOCATS

10.30: PROFESSIONAL'S PUNCH

ORION

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 7, 9

7th week

ZIGZAG STORY

Weekdays 10.30, 4

RABBI YAKOV

French film

IS\$30

ORNA

Tel. 224733

9th week

POLICE ACADEMY

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 4, 7, 9

Sunday 15\$50

## RON

EXPERIENCE  
PREFERRED  
BUT NOT  
ESSENTIAL

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMIADAR

4th week

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

Saturday 9.15

Weekdays 7, 9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM

BINYENI HA'UMA

MEETINGS WITH

REMARKABLE

MEN

Saturday 9.30

Weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY

2nd week

LADIES' HAIRDRESSER

Friday 10

Saturday 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

BEN-YEHUDA

2nd week

STAR TREK III

Tonight 10.12; Sat. 7.30, 9.30

Weekdays 11, 5, 7.30, 9.30

CHEN 1

9th week

POLICE ACADEMY

Tonight 10, 12.15

Sat. 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 5.45, 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 11, 1.45

MARY POPPINS

Weekdays 3.55, ARISTOCATS

CHEN 2

15th week

THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE

Fri. 12.15; Sat. and weekdays 9.45

ARISTOCATS

Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7.40;

Weekdays 11, 1.45, 5.30, 7.40

CHEN 3

24th week

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

\* SHIRLEY MACLAINE

\* DEBRA WINGER

\* JACK NICOLSON

Friday 9.45, 12.15

Saturday 7.15, 9.45

Weekdays 7.15, 9.45

CHEN 4

4th week

THE BIG CHILL

\* CLIFF ROBERTSON

Friday 10, 12.15

Saturday 7.25, 9.40

Weekdays 11, 1.45, 3.45, 5.40

CINDERELLA

CHEN 5

15th week

CROSS CREEK

Tonight, 9.45, 12.15

Saturday 7.15, 9.40

Weekdays 7.30, 9.45

BILLY

Weekdays 11, 1.45, 5.30

## CINEMA ONE

2nd week

FOOTLOOSE

Friday 10

Saturday 7, 9, 10

Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

CINEMA TWO

2nd week

Fr. 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.40

Weekdays 1.30, 7.15, 9.40

EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX

CLASS

86 Allenby Rd.

Tonight 10

Sat. 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 5, 7.15, 9.30

SODOM AND GOMORRA

DEKEL

5th week

Sat. 7.15; weekdays 4.45, 7.15

MARY POPPINS

Sat. and weekdays 9.45

HISTORY OF THE WORLD

by Mel Brooks

No Thur. performance

DRIVE-IN

2nd week

Fri., Sat. and all week 9.45

THE HIT

Sat. and weekdays 8

SWAN LAKE

Tonight 12.15; Sat. 12 midnight

Sex Film

ESTHER

2nd week

Tonight 10;

Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.40

EMMANUELLE

Weekdays 11, 5

SUPERGIRL

GAT

4th week

ROMANCING THE STONE

Saturday 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 5, 7.40, 9.40

GORDON

2nd week

Israel Premiere

Sat. 7.30, 9.45

Weekdays 5, 7.25, 9.45

6 Golden Lines Awards

Voice Festival 1983

STREAMERS

Film by Robert Altman

HOD

Israeli Premiere

Tonight 10; Sat. 7, 9

Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

Eddie Macon is running... for his life.

EDDIE MACON'S RUN

KIRK DOUGLAS

JOHN SCHNEIDER

LEV I

8th week

LA TRAVIATA

\* TERESA STRATAS

\* PLACIDO DOMINGO

\* CORNELIUS MACNEIL

Tonight 9.30, 11.30; Sat. 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 2, 5, 7.30, 9.40

## LEV II

5th week

Tonight 9.30, 11.30

Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.30

SOLDIER OF THE NIGHT

LIMOR

6th week

Tonight 10, 12

Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

LE BATTANT (WHAT A MAN)

Sat. 11 a.m.: SUPERMAN

MAXIM

9th week

EDUCATING RITA

Saturday 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

MOGRABI

10th week

Tonight 10; Sat. 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 7.30, 9.40

AGAINST ALL ODDS

\* JEFF BRIDGES

\* RACHEL WARD

\* JAMES WOODS

Mat. 5; MUPPETS TAKE MANHATTAN

ONLY

Israel Premiere

5, 7.30, 9.30

TANK

\* JAMES GARNER

\* G.D. SIFRIN

\* SHIRLEY JONES

\* C. THOMAS HOWELL

PARIS

4th week

Tonight 10, 12

Sat. 11.30, 6, 7.30, 9.30

Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 6, 7.30, 9.30

THE KING AND MR. BIRD

PEER

2nd week

SAKHAROV

\* GLENDA JACKSON

\* JASON ROBARUS

Saturday 7.30, 9.40;

Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

SHAHAF

8th week

BLAME IT ON RIO

A Stanley Donen film

\* MICHAEL CAINE

\* JOSEPH BOLOGNA

\* MICHELLE JOHNSON

Tonight 10, 12

Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.30

Sat. 11 a.m.: SWAN LAKE



THE ISRAEL Philharmonic Orchestra spent most of last month in Australia, giving 13 concerts on its third tour of the continent.

Links between the IPO and Australia go back to 1937. Violinist Bronislaw Huberman searching worldwide for Jewish musicians to join "his" orchestra and for philanthropists to donate money towards its upkeep, initiated the first group of Friends of the Orchestra, which functioned until the outbreak of World War Two.

The next initiative grew out of a chance visit. In 1960, a prominent citizen of Sydney, Miss Ruby Rich was invited by Elphzibah Menchin to an IPO concert in Paris; there, possibly aided by the music, the dream of having the orchestra visit Australia was born.

On returning home, Miss Rich revived the Friends of the IPO in Sydney. Another group was formed in Victoria in 1962, and headquarters moved to Melbourne in 1964, noted violinist Jascha Spivakovsky serving as president until his death in 1970.

The friends contributed a large part of the budget which enabled the IPO to visit Australia in 1966, in response to an invitation by the Australian Broadcasting Commission (ABC). Conductors Zubin Mehta, Antal Dorati and Elyahu Tiblak shared the rostrum on that first tour.

After overcoming many logistic

## IPO Down Under

MUSIC & MUSICIANS/Yohanan Boehm

problems, the orchestra went on a second tour - arranged at rather short notice to participate in the 1978 Adelaide Arts Festival. Zubin Mehta conducted all 14 concerts during the tour which, in addition to Adelaide, covered the main cities of the continent.

On this third tour, Mehta again conducted all 13 concerts. The starting point was Sydney (three concerts), Canberra (one), Melbourne (four), Hobart (one) and Adelaide (two). The tour ended with a concert in Brisbane. Programmes included works by Elgar, Mendelssohn, Dvorak, Mozart, Tchaikovsky, Sibelius, Shostakovich, Bruch, Beethoven - and two composers whose names are similar although their music is worlds apart: the German romantic, Carl Maria (von) Weber (1786-1826), who was represented by his *Oberon* overture, and Austrian composer, Anton von Webern (1883-1945), a student and close friend of Arnold Schoenberg. Webern's *Pasacaglia* opus 1 appeared several times on the programmes, but was twice credited to the earlier composer (a mistake which could happen in Israel, too).

Israeli composers were represented by his *Oberon* overture, and Austrian composer, Anton von Webern (1883-1945), a student and close friend of Arnold Schoenberg. Webern's *Pasacaglia* opus 1 appeared several times on the programmes, but was twice credited to the earlier composer (a mistake which could happen in Israel, too).

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sent by Odedo Pintos, whose viola concerto *Song of Praise* was performed by IPO first violinist Daniel Binyamini.

According to our ambassador in Canberra, Issachar Ben-Ya'acov, the concert in the capital was a resounding success on a diplomatic level too. In the audience were the governor-general of Australia, under whose patronage the tour took place, the prime minister, and most of the ambassadors of countries with which Israel has diplomatic relations (some 40), as well as many members of parliament.

For the highest praise, my informant singled out violinist Shlomo Mintz, who captured everyone's heart with his performance of the concertos by Mendelssohn, Sibelius and Bruch and with his personal charm.

This third IPO tour of Australia, apart from providing a musical experience for many thousands of listeners, will have helped our diplomats in the field to foster friendly relations between the two nations.

THE INTERNATIONAL Children's Choir, based in Lakewood, California, will be coming to Israel

next week. The ICC, a non-profit organization, consists of some 65 children between the ages of three and 16, mostly from California. It was founded in 1957 by a senior citizen with the aim of bringing a message of peace in song from children to other children. Each choir member represents a nation, wears its national dress, performs its national folk dances and sings its folk songs.

The choir, conducted by Ann Livingston, daughter of the founder, has built up an impressive record of public appearances at official events. It has made television appearances together with celebrities and has just performed at the opening of the Olympics in Los Angeles.

Invited to Israel by the Ministry of Tourism's Special Events Department, the choir is bringing 29 children. One of its appearances will take place at the residence of the American ambassador; on August 25, the choir will perform at Jerusalem's Gerard Behar Centre, under the auspices of Mayor Teddy Kollek, with proceeds going to Ilan-Alon. Two days later, they will sing at Kibbutz Kfar Blum.

ANIMALS IN MUSIC is the subject of three programmes prepared and scheduled to be presented by pianist Varda Nishri "for children from eight to 88." She has made a record on this theme, and is contemplating adding some more, as her "collection" has grown remarkably.

Since the general public is mostly familiar only with Saint-Saens' *Carmina of the Animals* and, of course, Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf*, her programme, which ranges from Copland and Dostinortier to Bartok and Copland, should arouse great interest. Three events are planned for Jerusalem's Tavva Club: September 4 at 7 p.m., and September 15 and 22 at 11 a.m.

Nishri, founder of the Bach Centre in Givatayim, presents programmes of "Bach Plus" at the local Tavva club, sometimes complemented by the music of Messiaen.

BETT DANIEL, the beautiful artists' retreat in Zichron Ya'acov, is announcing a series of weekend seminars for musicians, starting in mid-September. The series is primarily designed for professional musicians, to give them an opportunity to relax and get to know each other better in beautiful surroundings and a special atmosphere.

Lecturers will include composers Mark Kopytman and Yitzhak Sadai; musicologists Brenda Miller and Dalia Cohen, and musicians Benjamin Oren, Vera Vaidman and Emmanuel Krasovsky.

The series will start with a seminar held by Shmuel Tatz entitled *The Balanced Body*, dealing with problems of anatomy and physiology among musicians and related subjects. (Inquiries: Leonie Reuben, Tel. 02-531 530).

## A new Altman

CINEMA  
Dan Fainaru

at large. When David Rabe wrote the play in 1966, it was triggered by the Vietnam conflict just being upgraded by the U.S. government from a police operation to a full-scale war. Now, says Altman, with President Reagan once again on the warpath in Latin America and in Africa, the situation is about to be repeated and the play is once again topical.

RABE STARTED OUT with a simple premise. Four recruits, two white and two black, are spending their last day and night at home before being shipped to the South-East Asian arena. They are joined by two sergeants, veterans who have already been in Vietnam and are supposed to return there.

The drama consists of the conflict between the recruits. One of the whites is a college graduate from the South, with the typical attributes of a "square" education, a conservative background, and enough sensitivity to perceive that there are some chinks in his intellectual and emotional armour, which he would prefer to ignore. The other white is a closet homosexual, who would rather read poetry than play football. He has come to terms with his own emotional problems but not with the way they are frowned upon by the rest of the world.

One of the blacks comes from the streets but is doing his best to graduate to respectable society. He reasons himself out of his natural anger, conscious that it will never breed anything but more anger. The other black, also from the streets, nurtures a boundless hatred for everything white and feels that he is entitled to take eternal revenge on his enemies.

As for the two sergeants, they are two versions of the American redneck, to use a vulgar description. That is, they are typical career soldiers, who chose the army because they found nothing better to do, but who slowly, through the clouds of alcohol in which they take refuge every so often, begin to get an inkling that things may not be as normal, as reasonable, or as acceptable as they would like to believe them to be when they are sober.

IT IS, of course very tempting to start playing the allegory game and pin labels on each of the characters, thus turning the play and the movie into a kind of political tract. Which it is not. For thanks to Rabe and Altman and a superb cast of actors, each character is so rich, so many new facets are sprung on you at the most unexpected moments, that you have to consider them first of all as human beings. These aren't fictional symbols, puppets pulled by the playwright's strings to perform a fable before our eyes, but real persons, with so much frustration, pain, love and despair bottled up in each one of them, that whether the allegory works or not is finally almost irrelevant.

Also, the truth is that there is more than one allegory here. The one that suggests itself from the very beginning, is that of human beings turned into killing machines to be remote-controlled from above. In-

deed, watching the perfect drills of a marine squad, accompanying the credits, and then witnessing a suicide attempt by a recruit, is enough to suggest that we are in an antiwar movie. To use Altman's own argument, if the army was, after Korea and before Vietnam, a place one could take refuge in for a while, once the real, palpable danger of war became a reality the whole set of rules of the game changed. And those trapped in the middle, for whatever reason, became its tragic victims.

But this is only the most obvious aspect of this movie. Once you follow it a bit further you discover it is also about relations between whites and blacks, and the different shades in this relationship, acutely brought to a pitch by the ghetto turmoils at the time the play was written, but still as relevant today, when Jesse Jackson became a contender for the American presidency.

A variety of moral dilemmas are placed before these characters, concerning the real meaning of such terms as masculinity, patriotism, discipline. But each one is also caught in his most insecure moments when he doubts himself and everything he stands for.

Without any real story to pull the whole thing together, the trust atmosphere is intensified by the minute, though incisive conversations which pitilessly strip the four young boys of any pretence, until only raw nerves are left and tragedy erupts. When this happens, the point is finally driven home: for the last sequence, a remarkable monologue by one of the sergeants who refuses after all, to return to Vietnam, shows human life to be so brittle, and death so arbitrary, that perhaps the only way is simply not to look too carefully at what is happening around you. This monologue, in which the sergeant simply describes in detail a traffic accident he witnessed and the reaction of the people around him, may well be one of the most memorable scenes in the whole movie. One of Rabe's conditions for allowing the play to be made into a film was that this apparently extraneous scene be kept in. And, indeed, it puts the entire movie into a different perspective, because what could otherwise have been interpreted as street violence erupting in closed quarters, becomes an authentic human tragedy, even more shocking because it is both pointless and unavoidable.

If all this works in the end, it is only because the entire film is the result of teamwork in the fullest sense of the word. That is, nobody could doubt that Altman was completely in control, but he also had the necessary tools for the job. No wonder that in Venice last year, the jury, consisting of nine of the world's greatest directors, couldn't decide who should receive the acting award, and finally gave it to all six of his actors. If, however, one has to choose among them, I would say that Mitchell Lichtenstein as the homosexual, Michael Wright as the angry black and George Dzundza, as the uncouth sergeant who delivers the last monologue are the three outstanding ones.

Finally, I realize that many people will complain that this isn't really a movie, that being it is confined to one place and one span of time, with very theatrical effects, it is just a filmed play. Maybe, but who cares, as long as it grips you from beginning to end? And anyway, why not accept Altman's explanation that, unlike theatre, he brings the spectator right onto the stage, tells him what to look for and eliminates the distance created by the proscenium?

## This Week in Israel The JERUSALEM MUSEUMS



this week at the israel museum jerusalem

### SUMMER EXHIBITIONS

Moche Muller: Environmental sculpture  
Miniature Eighteenth-Century French, English and American Rooms (Courtesy of Dr. Ann Engländer)  
Anselm Kiefer - new German paintings  
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Plastine - children's works on show, plus activity corner. (Ruth Youth Wing) Egypt - The Other Side of the River - funerary objects from Ancient Egypt (Rockefeller Museum)  
A Window to Islam - Islamic culture, religion and court life. Until Aug. 31.  
Joan Miro - sculptures. Until Aug. 31.  
12 Pages from the Cairo Geniza  
The Well Built Elephant - popular American Architecture  
How to Wrap Five Eggs - traditional Japanese Wrapping  
Happy Accidents - Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray  
Scraps - creating home theatre sets and greeting cards (Ruth Youth Wing)

### SUMMER MAGIC

Open Air Events, Magic Shows, Films, Concerts and Workshops throughout July and August  
Magician of the week - YOSY MAMO - performances at no extra charge: "10.00 each day in the glade" "with the children's film at 16.00" "wherever else he pops up around the Museum"  
Magic Show - Cagliostro the Fantastic: includes magic carpets; saving a lady in half; a painting comes to life; piano and pianist disappear into thin air... plus clowns and four piano band.  
Every Sun. and Thurs. at 17.30 (Hermann Mayer Terrace - for the whole family)  
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Magic Workshops:  
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for adults: Tues., Aug. 21 at 19.30 COINS AND MONEY (limited places, Tel. 698213)  
Children's Film:  
CHARLOTTE'S WEB  
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Film:  
Tuesday, August 21 at 18.00 and 20.30  
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Rockefeller Museum: Friday at 11.00  
VISITING HOURS  
Extended Summer Hours during July and August:  
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Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri., Sat. 10.00-14.00  
Ticho House: Galleries - Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues., 10.00-22.00; Fri. 10.00-13.30  
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# Latin grill

MATTERS OF TASTE/Haim Shapiro

"I LIKE Latin Americans," my companion said to me as we sat down for lunch at El Gaucho, an Argentinian restaurant on Tel Aviv's Rehov Hayarkon, at the corner of Borochov. "They know how to enjoy themselves."

Certainly it was a day on which anyone ought to be enjoying himself. The sun shone, a pleasant breeze blew in from the sea, the water sparkled. The Spanish we heard at many of the tables on the restaurant terrace seemed a good omen.

El Gaucho's menu is printed in a mixture of Spanish, English and Hebrew, with many corrections and additions. The waiter, a friendly fel-

low dressed in the wide, coin-studded leather belt, baggy trousers and high-heeled boots of the Argentinian gaucho, helped us to steer our way through it. Meanwhile, in a room separated from the restaurant by a glass wall, an elderly man was presiding over an enormous charcoal grill with all the precision and care of a Toscanini.

I opened my meal with a dish listed as *viet tunc*, which I remembered from Italy as *viello tomato*, and which in English could be called veal in tuna sauce. The cooked veal is served in home-made mayonnaise in which tuna is one of the ingredients. It was quite good, and I found myself mopping up the sauce

with the little rounds of bread in a basket on the table. My companion, meanwhile, was enjoying the *matambre*, a sort of stuffed roll of beef, served cold and thinly sliced. It was a pleasant mosaic of meat, herbs and bright black nuggets which turned out to be prunes. They were accompanied by a small dish of potato salad and a little saucer of red-hot sauce.

FOR THE MAIN course, we naturally ordered grilled meat. Indeed, if the news reports from Argentina are accurate, there's more chance these days of enjoying a good Argentinian beefsteak in Tel Aviv than in Buenos Aires. For beef is the principal meat of El Gaucho though its menu offers a variety of meats.

After pondering the menu a long time, we decided upon two kinds of *asado*, with and without bones. *Asado* refers to the cut known in North America which has short ribs, and has been marinated in a mixture of



herbs. It is not the most tender of cuts, but its taste compensates for those whose teeth are in working order.

In fact, as the waiter explained to us, the boned *asado* was veal, or what would seem to be young beef. It was the juicier and, to my mind, the tastier of the two cuts. There was a dish also of the garlic, herb and vinegar sauce with which the *cognac-centi* flavour their meat. We used it liberally. With the meat came a pleasant though not exceptional, mixed vegetable salad.

At this point we asked the waiter about the drink many of the diners seemed to be enjoying. He looked alarmed, and rushed off to bring us one each. It turned out to be a complimentary cocktail he had forgotten to bring us. He assured us that it was just as good at the end of a meal. I'd had a few beers already, so that the cocktail inserted me into Nirvana for the next few hours.

There were three items of dessert: ice cream, creme caramel and fruit salad. The lurid colours of the first, served at a nearby table, had put us off, so we ordered the last two. The creme caramel was home-made, and was reinforced by a large dollop of *dulche de leche*, the typical Argentinian caramelized milk sweet that so often is found in their pastries. The fruit salad, though served in extremely generous portions and made with mostly fresh fruit, was rather uninteresting.

The espresso was excellent. The bill, in mid-July, came to IS7,440.

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**HAIFA RESTAURANTS**



Lindsay Kemp returns to give a two-week course in Tel Aviv.

## Puckish visitor

DANCE / Dora Sowden

BESIDES 30 choreographers who will take part in the three-day "Aspects of Dance" Festival in Ramle (August 20-22), two prominent guests will conduct workshops: Lindsay Kemp and Daniel Ezralow. Ezralow was seen here with the Monix Dance Theatre during the Israel Festival. He is exceptional both as a dancer and a choreographer. Formerly of the Paul Taylor Company (with which he came here too), he joined Pilobolus and then collaborated in forming Monix. He has come to create two new works for the Datshevi Company.

Kemp, a descendant of Shakespeare's clown William Kemp, founded his own famous company in his native England but has since travelled the world. In the Israel Festival his dance-mime-theatre shows - *Flowers* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* - were highlights. He has returned at the invitation of the ITI (International Theatre Institute) to give a two-week course in Tel Aviv.

If you saw him as Puck, you will know why, even in classes, he suggests a kind of Puck leading into fantasy. He told them when I was there: "Allow the music to establish itself... Soak in the rhythm... Have it in the heart, not the memory." And they danced, not all very well but all smiling, as he was.

There were some really experienced dancers among them; and once Wera Goldman became a central figure, the others, forming a large moving ring, acknowledged her spontaneity. "Sometimes they dance like children, then suddenly there is an Isadora Duncan among them," said Kemp, in an aside to me. He led them to heaven: "An angel's awakening..." and to hell:

"Feel the rock... be the flames... enjoy the agony." When they rose from that: "I am Light... I am Joy... I am Love..."

The aim was obviously to make everyone body-aware without self-consciousness. He taught them to look at one another with recognition, with communication. And if they didn't leap, turn, dance and float as he did, they at least looked dedicated.

THOUGH only two dancers were involved in the performance at the Tel Aviv Museum on August 7, it was a major event. Ohad Naharin came home from New York (where he lives) via the Spoleto Festival (where he appeared). His only dance partner was Iris Frenkel, and, except for one piece, all the choreography was his own.

Naharin has always been a compelling dancer; and his choreographed solos and duets showed growth not only in individual style but also in maturity of conception. The intensity that has been his characteristic has now clarified into confident method and manner. Even his *Pas de Pepsi* (music: Shlomo Gronish), seen here before, had a sharper, more bitter comic edge, his *Innastress* (music: Eno and Byrne) more emotive depth.

Letter was clearly manipulated to contrast with the voice speaking the contents of a missive, but in *Rain* (music: Seth Cooper), Poem No. 1 of a series of seven he has just completed, he moulded his body like self-sculpture.

Yet the best work was a kind of story ballet, *Sixty a Minute*, where the props were a metronome, a piano and a stool. A woman stood forlorn and frustrated. Moving the

piano, she disclosed a man strumming a guitar - relaxed and indifferent. Then there was a contest of wits and wits, of acrobatic accuracy and timing.

Frenkel danced better than ever. Though she was more notable for technical excellence than expressive appeal, she met the demands here as fully as Naharin.

Lightest relief was in Billy Siegenfeld's *All the Things You Are* - also seen here before, but improved. The subject was creation: should it be classical, modern, jazz, hip-hop? The would-be creator must go on trying...

CAROL TETEN was one of the first arrivals from the U.S. for the International Movement Notation Congress. She came two weeks ahead of time because, for her lecture demonstration on the *Gavotte - Four Notation Scores from Four Centuries* (August 15), she wanted live performers. "I didn't want it just to be a lecture," she explained. "I have a whole library of manuscripts, but I try to squeeze life out of and into them, so that what they meant in their time can have a meaning now."

So Teten held auditions and found, as she said, startling material. One man came from a moshav, where he had arrived only two weeks before; another came from Dimona; a young girl immigrant from Russia was a "natural" for period dance, her mother a wardrobe maker for theatricals.

"Twenty-five turned up," she said. "Israelis have something special, something wonderful about them." She chose eight.

Teten is no stranger to Israel. She ran a dance course at the Hebrew University for five years and left 16 years ago, on her marriage. She has become an expert on historical dance, her programme *Dance Through Time* being performed in America and beyond. She also heads the Dance Department of Dominican College in California. A year ago she gave classes, at the Rubin Academy in Jerusalem, in dances of the 1920s.

LAURA TOLEDO is a Spanish dancer who has been a soloist in some of the greatest Spanish companies and today has a studio (with Antonia Salas) in Madrid. She is also the daughter of the late Zalman Shneour, the well-known writer, and that is what brought her to Israel. It is the 25th anniversary of his burial in Israel.

When she embarked on her dance career she took the name of the Spanish town that was a centre of medieval Jewish learning. She says her father always told her they had Spanish Jewish ancestors. Born in Paris, she grew up in the United States, studied at the Metropolitan Ballet School in New York and soon turned to Spanish dance. During a visit to Paris, she met the famous Antonio and became his first soloist. Thereafter, she danced in other companies - Carmen Amaya, Greco, Pilar Lopez, Mariemma.

Like our Silvia Duran, she is one of the rare non-gypsies who learned flamenco at source in the Cuadros Flamencos.

In 1960, she came to give one concert in Israel and stayed a year, touring the kibbutzim with a guitar and a tape recorder. "It wasn't as it is today," she says. "There were no kibbutz theatres. I danced on tables and beds put together - but it was a great success."

Back in the United States she ran the Iberian Dance Theatre for five years. She says she also created the original choreography for "The Man from La Mancha," but was never credited.

## This Week in Israel • The MUSEUMS TEL AVIV

### Beth Hatefutsoth The Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

Visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 am - 5 pm; Wed. 10 am - 9 pm. The Museum is closed on Fridays and Saturdays. Children under 6 are not admitted. Organized tours must be pre-arranged (9-13, Sun.-Thurs., Tel. 03-425161). Photo Archive, Open to the public on: Sun., Thurs. 9.30 am - 12.30 pm; Tues. 9.30 am - 2.30 pm.

Permanent Exhibit and Chronosphere The main aspects of Jewish life in the Diaspora, presented through the most advanced graphic and audio-visual techniques.

EXHIBITIONS:  
1. "The Story of the Jews in Hungary"  
2. "To Save a World" American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee (AJDC) 1914-1984.  
3. "The Enigma of the Colares Menorah"

JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE:  
1. "Survival Run" A World War II adventure story based on the autobiographical book by Erik Hazelhoff who received the highest Dutch medal for bravery. Starring: Rutger Haner, Jeroen Krabbe, Belinda Meuldijk. Sunday, August 19 and Thursday, August 23 at 8.30 pm. The film is in English with Hebrew and French subtitles.  
2. "Passagerka" A former female overseer at Auschwitz meets a former victim of her persecution on a cruise. Directed by Andrzej Munk. Starring: Aleksandra Slaska, Anna Cieplewska. The film is in English. Tuesday, August 21 and Wednesday, August 22 at 8.30 pm. Admission Fee: IS800. For members of Friends Association: IS500. Courtesy of bank leumi

EVENTS:  
Poets discussion (in Spanish) on: Jewish Poetry in Spain, Israel and Latin America. Participants: Dr. Arnoldo Liberman (Spain), Oded Sverdluk (Israel), Yehuda Ofer (Israel). Moderator: Bernardo Treister. (Israel). Monday, August 20 at 8 pm.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2), Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, Tel. (03) 425161. Buses nos. 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 49, 74, 78, 274, 672.

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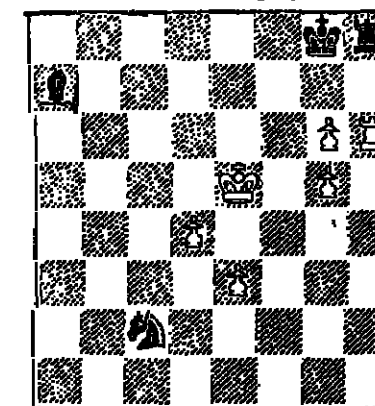




# CHESS

Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3196  
OFFER COMAY, Tel Aviv  
2nd prize, Israel Ring T., 1978



White to play and draw (6-4)  
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3184 (Hoch) White - Kc2; Rh6; Na4, Nb5, (4). Black - Kc2; Ba1; Nb2, Nc3; Pa7, b4, d4. (7). 1. Nc3! d4 2. Ra6 Na4 3. Ra4 Na3 4. Ra3 ba3 5. Na7 Bb2 6. Nc6 Ka1 7. Nb4 Bc1 8. Kc1 c2 9. Nc2 Ka2 10. Nd4 Bc1 11. Kc2 Ka2 12. Nc2 Ka1 13. Nc1 a2 14. Nb3x

TARJAN'S CLASSIC PERFORMANCE  
CIMJAMES TARJAN captured the \$2,000 first prize in the Sixth Memo-

rial Day Classic, Los Angeles. Tarjan scored 5½ - ½ in the 102-player open section. Over 420 players participated.

**DURHAM**  
1.e4 c5 2.Nc3 Nc6 3.Nf3 f5 4.d4 e4 5.d5 e3 6.f6 g3 7.c7 Qd7 8.Qd7 Bd7 9.Bg2 0-0 10.Bg5 Be7 11.Be7 Nd5 12.0-0 Bf6 13.Bc6 Ne6 14.Rd5 Rd4 15.Nd5 Re6 16.Kd3 Re1 17.h3 Rh4 18.e3 Kd7 19.Kc2 Ne5 20.h3 e6 21.Nf4 Nf7 22.Ng2 Rh6 23.h4 Ke7 24.Rd1 Nd8 25.f3 Ne6 26.Kf2 a5 27.a3 Ne5 28.h4 ub4 29.ab4 Na6 30.Rb1 Kd6 31.e4 Kc5 32.Kc3 fe4 33.fe4 g5 34.hg5? Rh3 35.Kf2 Ke4 36.b5 Ne5 37.b6 b6 38.Rb7 Nd3 39.Kg1 Ne5 40.c5 Kf5 41.Rb7 Kg5 42.Rc7 h5 43.Kf2 Kf5 44.Rg7 Kg5 45.Rg5 Nd3 46.Ke2 Rh2 47.Kd1 Kd4 48.Rg6 Kc3 49.Rg5 h4. White resigns.

**NONA TOPS LADIES' SUPER TOURNAMENT**

FORMER women's world champion Nona Gaprindashvili was the winner of the Tbilisi International Tournament, one of the strongest held in recent years. Nona scored nine points out of 13 games. Ioseliani was the runner-up of the event with 8½ points. Tied for third were world champion Maya Chiburdanidze, Gurlich and Hungary's Ivankova with 8 points each. Sweden's Pia Cramling, the highest-rated woman player, came sixth with 7½ points. They were followed by Litinskaya 7, Alek-

sandria and Ahmlovskaya 6½, Wiesse and Lazarevich 5, Muresan 4½, Huganishvili 4, and Angelova 3½ points.

**IVANKA**  
1.g3 e5 2.Bg2 d5 3.e4 Nf6 4.c4 e5 5.Nf3 Nc6 6.d3 Be7 7.0-0 0-0 8.a3 a5 9.Nc3 Nb6 10.Bc3 f5 11.Re1 f4 12.Bd2 Bb1 13.Ne4 Nd7 14.g4 e4 15.Kh1 a4 16.Rg1 h6 17.Qf1 Qe8 18.Bh3 Nf6 19.Qg2 Ne8 20.Be6 Qe6 21.Bc3 Rf7 22.Qg4 Qg4 23.Rg4 g5 24.Rc1 Rd8 25.f4 Nd6 26.hg5 Ne4 27.g6 Kh7 28.d4 Rd6 29.Bg7 Re8 30.e5 Nd8 31.Bf6 Bf6 32.e6 Rf6 33.Ng5 Kh8 34.Ne6 Rh6 35.Kg2 Ne6 36.Rh1 Kh7 37.Rh6 Kh6 38.Rg8 Nd4 39.Re8 Kg5 40.Re4 f3 41.e3 c5 42.Rd4. Black resigns.

**IOSELIANI**  
1.e4 d5 2.c4 Nf6 3.c4 e6 4.Nc3 c5 5.c5 g6 6.Nf3 Bg7 7.Bb5 Bd7 8.Bc4 0-0 9.0-0 Be8 10.Qb3 Nbd7 11.Qb7 Nb6 12.Bb3 a5 13.Re1 a4 14.Bc2 Nf6 15.Nd5 Nd6 16.Be4 Ne7 17.d4 Rh8 18.Qa7 Rh4 19.Qa5 Rb5 20.Qa4 Rb2 21.Qe4 Rb6 22.a4 Ne6 23.Bc3 Qd6 24.Re1 Bd7 25.Rb6 Qb6 26.a5 Qb2 27.Ra2 Qb8 28.a6 Qa7 29.d5 Qc7 30.Qb4 Rb8 31.Qb8 Qb8 32.a7 Qa8 33.d6. Black resigns.

**NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL**  
**ALBURY**  
1.d4 Nf6 2.e4 c5 3.d5 b5 4.c5 a6 5.c3 e6 6.Nc3 Qa5 7.d6 f6 8.Bd7 Qb6 9.a4 a5 10.a5 Ra1 11.Qa1 d5 12.e4 d4 13.Na4 Qb7 14.f3 Nbd7

15.Nh3 Ne5 16.b4 Ne4 17.be5 Nd2 18.Kd2 Be7 19.Qd4 Bf6 20.Qe1 Qa7 21.Be2 Kf7 22.Rd1 Rb8 23.Kc3 Bd7 24.Kf2 Bf5 25.Rd8 Ba4 26.Rd2 Qc5 27.Qc3 Qb4 28.Qd4 Qa3 29.Qc3 Qb4 30.Ng5 Ke8 31.g3 Be7 32.Rd4 Qb6 33.Ne6 Bd7 34.Ng7 Kd8 35.Qe5 Bf6 36.Ne6 Qe6 37.Qh8 Ke7 38.Re4. Black resigns.

**KOGAN**  
**FEDOROWICZ**  
1.d4 Nf6 2.Nf3 e6 3.g3 c5 4.Bg2 c4 5.Nd4 Nc6 6.0-0 Be5 7.Ne6 b6 8.e4 0-0 9.Qc2 Be7 10.e4 c5 11.Nc3 d6 12.h3 Qc7 13.Bh2 Nd7 14.Ra1 a5 15.Na4 Nb6 16.Nh6 Qh6 17.c5 Qc7 18.Ba3 d5 19.Be5 a4 20.b4 Ba6 21.Rf1 Bb5 22.a3 h6 23.Bf1 Rf8 24.Be7 Qe7 25.Bh5 c5 26.Qc6 Ra8 27.Rd8 Qd8 28.Rc1 Qc7 29.Re5 Qe8 30.Qc8 Re8 31.Rh5. Black resigns.

**ART OF ATTACK**  
White - Kc1; Qb3; Rd1, Re1; Bc3; Ne4; Pa3, c2, f2, g2, h2. (11). Black - Kb8; Qc6; Rd8; Re8; Bb7; Bc7; Pa6, c5, f6, g7, h7. (11). 1.Bf4 Ka8 2.Rd8 and Black resigned in view of 2...Bd8 3.Re8 Qe8 4.Qb7! Kc7 5.Nd6, and White is a piece up. (Timman - Mortensen, Plovdiv, 1983).

**TACTICAL RESOURCEFULNESS**  
White - Kc2; Rb2; Bb1; Ne1; Ne3; Pb3, d3, e4, f2, g3, h2. (11). Black - Kg8; Ra1; Bc6; Nc5; Nf6; Pb4, d6, e5, f7, g6, h7. (11) Black to play. 1. - Nf6! 2.de Bb1 3.Rb1 Be4

4.Kf1 Bb1, and with two pawns up Black won the game. (Jansson-Hazin, correspondence game, 1980/81.)

**ELEGANT WIN**  
White - Kg1; Qd8; Re1; Bc1; Ne5; Bb3, c2, f2, g3. (9). Black - Kg8; Qh3; Rc7; Bb8; Nd4; Pb4, f7, g8, h7. (9) Black to play. 1. - Rd7! 2.Qc8 (2.Qd7 Nb3) 2. - Ne2! White resigns. (Lukov-Ortega, Varna, 1983.)

**BRILLIANT TOUCH**  
White - Kh2; Qh5; Bb1; Rc2; Nf1; Pa2, c4, f3, g2, h3. (10). Black - Kh7; Qh4; Rf8; Rg6; Bb6; Pa5, b7, c5, g7, h5. (10) Black to play. 1-Rf3! 2.gf (2.Qe5 Rg2) 2-Qf4 3.Kh1 Rg1x. (Salonen-Kurho, Helsinki, 1983).

**BRILLIANT TOUCH**  
White - Kg1; Qg4; Rh5; Bd3; Nh4; Pa2, b2, c3, d4, g2, h2. (11). Black - Kg7; Qf4; Rh8; Ng5; Ng6; Pa7, b4, d5, e6, f6, h7. (11). 1.Rh7! Kg8 (1. - Nh7 2.Qg6 Kf8 3.Qh7, or 1. - Kh7 2.Qf4) 2.Rh8! Black resigns. (Semeniuk - Shershevesky, Odessa, 1975).

**THE WAY TO DRAW**  
White - Kg1; Qa5; Rb7; Pa4, b2, b4, e4, g2, h2. (9). Black - Ke8; Qe6; Rf8; Pa6, d6, e5, g7, h7. (8). Black to play. 1. - Rf1! 2.Kf1 Qc4 3.Kf2 Qd4, and draw by perpetual check. (Sakharov-Zinchenko, USSR, 1983).

TRUMP MANAGEMENT may be a problem when there's a scarcity. It may also be challenging when you've too many trumps. Today's deals demonstrate two different techniques; both were played in Cleveland, Ohio, recently.

Deal 1

North		East	
♠	K R 6	♠	9 3
♥	A K 10 8 2	♥	J 9 7 3
♦	A K 7 5	♦	J 10 4
♣	A	♣	J 10 7 3

South		West	
♠	5 4 2	♠	A Q J 10 7
♥	5	♥	Q 6 4
♦	6 3	♦	Q 9 8 2
♣	Q 9 8 6 5 4 2	♣	K

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
1♠	1♠	Pass	2♣
Pass	2♥	Pass	3♣
Pass	3♦	Pass	4♣
Pass	5♣	Pass	Pass

AFTER WEST opened with one spade, East - West were no longer in the bidding. North, with his 21 high-card points, tried to find a fit in each of his red suits. But South persisted in bidding clubs, and North finally settled for game in partner's suit. West led the spade ace.

## Too many trumps



BRIDGE / George Levinrew

Declarer counted one loser in spades and the likely loss of two trumps. He could discard an additional potential spade loser on the heart king, so he just had to play clubs and hope for the best. On the club ace, West played the king. That offered some hope; could South now avoid the loss of two clubs?

This is how he proceeded. He discarded a spade on two top hearts. He then ruffed a heart and followed with the diamond king. Then he ruffed another heart led to the top diamond in dummy. The ruff of another diamond brought him to the position he needed. Declarer and East now each held three clubs. South played the club nine and East was end-played. He had to lead a trump to South's tenace.

Deal 2

North		East	
♠	A 5 3	♠	J 10 9 4
♥	K Q 9 7 5 3 2	♥	A 10 7 4 3
♦	Q	♦	J 9 7 4
♣	8 5	♣	K

West	North	East	South
♠	7 6	♠	5
♥	6	♥	9
♦	J 9 8 6 2	♦	Q
♣	K Q 6 3 2	♣	8 5

The bidding, with East - West passing throughout.

South	North
1♠	4♣
4NT	5♣
6♣	All Pass

THE FOUR-DIAMOND bid was a "splinter," showing support in the opener's suit and a void or a

singleton in diamonds. The opening lead was the club king to the ace. South was faced with the loss of a diamond and a club. He was sure if the spades split 3 - 3 so he could discard one of his losers on the fourth spade. This split was unlikely. He played a trump and followed with the ace and king of spades.

South decided to play East for the remaining two spades outstanding. He followed the principle of putting pressure on the opponents, leaving open the option of playing for a spade split if necessary, at the end. He pulled trump reaching this end position, with lead in dummy.

He played his last trump and East had no defence. He discarded his club, while declarer discarded a spade. East was then thrown in with a diamond, and South won the last two tricks with the kings of spades and diamonds.

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Enforcement of the tough new Keep Israel Clean Law, introduced last week, will be funded in part by a fee paid upon the purchase of the bottles and cans, in effect making the guilty pay for their own prosecution even before committing the crime. The real deterrent, however, comes later when violators have to fork out for stiff fines.

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IT IS NO EASY matter returning to a regimen in which television finishes in what seems to be the early evening, that is, around midnight. Now when they play *Hatikva* instead of producing Orly Yavin, I feel lost and betrayed. Incidentally, how Orly managed to remain bright-eyed and fresh as a daisy throughout the 16 days is one of the great unsolved mysteries of the Games.

It is as if I had returned to a mundane world after a vacation on some enchanted isle. No wonder the crowd boomed when Peter Ueberroth, chairman of the Los Angeles Olympic Committee, announced that the Games were coming to an end. I felt exactly like joining in the boogie from my armchair, just as I had cheered Carl Lewis and Daley Thompson.

We had expected a bundle of goodies in the closing ceremony to provide the climax to the event and, up to a point, the Los Angelinos obliged. The setting was magnificent. The official part of the event was all that we had anticipated — even the unplanned part, the athletes refusing to march like good little boys. The hand-over of the Olympic flag by Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley to the mayor of Seoul was very impressive. The girls from Seoul were more beautiful than I had believed any group of women could possibly be; their fan dance was exquisite. The dancers from Harlem reminded me of *Fame*.

SO FAR, so good. Even the speeches by Ueberroth and Juan Antonio Samaranch, president of the International Olympic Committee, were fine, as speeches go. Ueberroth did not overstate the case for the Olympics, but in carefully selected words made the point that mankind wants sport, not war, as the Games had proved. I believe that he is right, that there is a deep grassroots longing — even in Israel — to seek national glory on playingfields instead of battlefields.

But after he announced that the formal part of the Games were over and that the informal revels were to commence, things went sadly ugly. The beginning was all right, with the blue flashlights and the approaching spacecraft. We groped for superlatives — marvelous, terrific, what would Hollywood think of next for our delatation?

And then that damned craft never landed, it disappeared somewhere into space. The anti-climax was as disarming as finding half a worm in a half-eaten apple. Perhaps there was some technical reason why the craft could not come down in a pinpoint landing on the middle of the stage. If so, they should never have launched it. Perhaps we have become spoiled, but since E.T., we have come to expect flying saucers in movies to come in bang on target. We were not appalled by the production of a spaceman by some sort of hocus-pocus.

Then most pathetic of all, came the firework tribute, to the 24 cities that have hosted the Games. Big deal. The fireworks themselves were no great shakes; there were more imaginative displays at Versailles in the 18th century, at the Crystal Palace in the 19th, in Hyde Park in the 20th.

Why didn't they compose symbols of the prototype cities concerned? We might have been impressed — the Parthenon for Athens, the Eiffel Tower for France, Big Ben for London, an angel for Los Angeles and the Kremlin or Lubyanka prison for Moscow (depending on whether they wanted to appease or infuriate the Russians). That might have been something worth seeing.

Finally, the singing of Lionel Ritchie was vigorous when it should

## Getting back to normal

TELEREVIEW  
Philip Gillon

have been sentimental — they should have had Vicki McClure repeating her song about reaching out your hand to touch a friend and to make the world a better place.

Still, to have only one flop in 16 days and nights is a very good record, although it is a pity that it came at such a significant juncture as the closing ceremony.

SPEAKING AS a television viewer, as distinct from those who were present in the flesh, I emerged from the orgy with several impressions of the 24th Olympic Games in Los Angeles.

The first is a confirmation of what I wrote about the opening ceremony — a profound admiration for the Americans. Despite all the criticism of commercialism, Hollywoodization, crassness, brashness, vulgarity and infantilism, they went on their way regardless, and silenced all critics by a display of awesome imagination combined with technical skill, of goodwill to the world combined with justifiable pride in their own achievements. I am proud to be the recipient of American grants and loans.

Combined with this respect for the Americans is delight at the abysmal failure of the Russian boycott. Nobody gives a hoot in hell that the Communist-bloc athletes were not around to challenge the wonderful Western stars.

I have a suspicion that this will have ended the boycott nonsense forever; at least it will stop anybody trying to ruin the Games by a haughty non-appearance. This is quite different from the Olympic movement outlawing a country, as in the case of South Africa.

The world boycotting a country can be very effective: a group of countries boycotting the world only make asses of themselves. This happened to the Africans, who quit their nonsense after Montreal in 1976; it happened to the Americans and their friends in Moscow in 1980; now it has happened to the Soviet bloc. With what chagrin their athletes and peoples must have followed the adulation of the Chinese and Rumanians!

So I think we may even see North Korea at Seoul in 1988. In passing, I must say that the Korean tiger looks much more attractive than the American eagle or chicken or duck or whatever it was that Hollywood produced for these Games: their symbol was too arch and confused.

Another impression that remains with me is of black supremacy. I had expected the American sprinters and hurdlers to be black, but here many of the representatives of all countries, like France and Britain and Germany, were also black. It is not only their success that awes me, but also their grace, the relaxed way in which they move at such astonishing speeds.

An Indian expert in biomechanics told me in 1972 that he had a theory that black people have an enzyme

that gives them that extra something in the way they run. I found myself wondering throughout the 16 days whether subsequent research has confirmed this theory.

And now, Israel Broadcasting Authority director-general Uri Porat and Coca-Cola, have you made up your minds yet about the U.S. Open?

ONE OF THE consolations of going back to normality was the return of Ram Eylon. I had noticed that *This is the Time* was listed in the programme notes sent to me so kindly by Television House, but there was just a curt and mysterious announcement of the title, without any indication who would run the show. In between wondering whether Mary Decker or Zola Budd was to blame for Mary's tragedy, I speculated idly about who Eylon's successor would be. And, lo and behold, it was Ram himself!

He came on shyly and unobtrusively, rather like the first violet of spring, without any indication of how he had got his job back. Somebody had obviously negotiated a *shtetl* between him and Porat. And a very good thing for us all: to the extent that a dedicated viewer can say that he misses a programme, I had missed him. The thing about being a viewer is that one floats along on an apparently endless stream of programmes, like Huck Finn on a raft going down the Mississippi, with so many new things to see that there was seldom time to brood on what he saw way back up the river.

Ram got off to a very good start. He had as his first guests Petah Tikva's Mayor Dov Tavori and the NRP's new Knesset member, Avner Seikiy. The question addressed by Eylon to the mayor was whether Shimon Peres had indicated to him that he would have to close the Lehal Cinema on Friday nights if the NRP made this their price for joining an Alignment-led coalition. Eylon's question to Prof. Seikiy was whether this was the NRP's first condition for entering the coalition.

Both guests objected to his use of the word "ultimatum," yet it was clear that the NRP will certainly issue such an ultimatum, even if they use a sweeter name, if they are to give Peres the green light.

Tavori said there was a profound principle at stake: the right of free men in a democracy to pursue happiness in whatever way they desire. I agree wholeheartedly with him. Seikiy claimed that there was a profound principle at stake: the right of the Orthodox to enjoy the Sabbath in the way they wish. I agree wholeheartedly with him.

Peres's problem is to reconcile two such excellent but antagonistic principles. I sympathize with him. May I suggest that he remind Tavori of the words used by Henry of Navarre when he converted to Catholicism to consolidate his position on the throne of France — "Paris is worth a Mass." To help the Alignment to wrest the government from the Likud, I for one am prepared to have the citizens of Petah Tikvah go to Tel Aviv cinemas for their entertainment, or they can watch television. But I would not have Tavori abate his principle one jot unless the NRP sign on the dotted line that their demands are no greater than this.

IF I WRITE that I am delighted by the return of Ram Eylon, what words can I find to express my joy about *Yes, Minister* coming back again? There are no adequate superlatives. The first episode indicated that Jim Hacker, apparently invigorated by his holiday from our screens, is now a match for Sir Humphrey.



## Witty voices

ROCK, ETC.  
David Horowitz

IT IS 1981, and in the midst of Conservative Britain a theatre group named 7:84 is touring the country with a play about six miners and their relationship with their management. The group's name comes from just-published statistics showing that in the UK 7 per cent of the population owns 84 per cent of the wealth.

The play, *One Big Howl*, goes down well with student and young adult audiences everywhere, mainly because all the dialogue is sung, and all the singing is a cappella — that is, without any instrumental backing.

Between then and last year, the six boys must have been spotted by a businessman with a good ear for music and an eye for a buck. Pegging their leftist tendencies far into the background, they were renamed the Flying Pickets, and went on to have 1983's most unlikely number one single, "Only You."

Their first album, *Live at the Albany Empire*, was a rather hurried affair, which failed to capture the citizens of Petah Tikvah go to Tel Aviv cinemas for their entertainment, or they can watch television. But I would not have Tavori abate his principle one jot unless the NRP sign on the dotted line that their demands are no greater than this.

It includes many of the songs that have featured in their live shows over the past year or so: "I Heard It Through the Grapevine," "Tears of a Clown," and "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling," all performed with style, humour and panache. A suitably bleak rendering of Springsteen's "Factory" also appears, as do several songs by the group's Rick Lloyd.

No record can hope to capture all the elements of the Pickets live — Red Stripe with his head shaved, lost in his donkey jacket, tiny lead singer David hidden under a huge brown

fedora — but *Last Boys* does get to grips with the group musically, and their voices are truly magnificent. The record is a must for those who appreciate originality, wit, and outstanding singing.

AL STEWART, surely one of the most consistently excellent singer/songwriters, has just brought out his first new album for quite a while, *Russians and Americans* (Eastworld).

A beautifully arranged LP, with Stewart in good voice and his musicians as impeccable as ever, it suffers because some of the songs are definitely below par.

"Café Society" and "Rumours of War," for example, sound suspiciously like fillers, and the whole Russian-American concept behind the album is never fully examined.

Nevertheless, Stewart fans will enjoy it, and it's good to see the man back in the studio again.

Eddy Grant's *Going For Broke* (CBS) is a big disappointment, and has flopped quite emphatically in the UK. The single "Romancing the Stone" failed to capitalize on Grant's past smashes "I Don't Wanna Dance" and "Electric Avenue."

*Going For Broke* is lacklustre, and too obviously commercial, and finds Grant sadly drifting from his pure reggae roots.

General Music have just reissued Laurie Anderson's *Big Science* album, first released in 1982. Featur-

ing the eight-minute rendering of "O Superman," the bizarre number that brought her to prominence, this is for those who missed the "Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh..." boat the first time around.

An album that has yet to come out here is *Never Told A Soul*, from Dire Straits' bass guitarist John Illsey.

Straits fans will want to check this one out since it features Mark Knopfler's guitar on four numbers, and Terry Williams' distinctive drumming throughout.

While Illsey is not the greatest singer, his songs are punchy and some of his lyrics are very imaginative.

CHART NEWS: The soundtrack to the movie *Breakdance* still leads the way in Israel, with the Jacksons, Bob Marley and Nik Kershaw close behind.

In the UK, George Michael has finally broken Frankie Goes to Hollywood's stranglehold on the singles charts. "Careless Whisper" deposed "Two Tribes" last week after an incredible eight weeks in the top spot. Frankie's "Relax" is still at number five.

Prince is setting the pace in the U.S., with his *Purple Rain* album selling faster than both Springsteen and the Jacksons, and his "When Doves Cry" single poised to hit the top of the charts.

David Bowie is due out with a new album next month, and Duran Duran are set to release a live album. And after months of rumours of a Dylan concert here this summer, it appears that Bob has backed out, agitated at the various costs of staging a show.

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# Round the galleries

Meir Ronnen

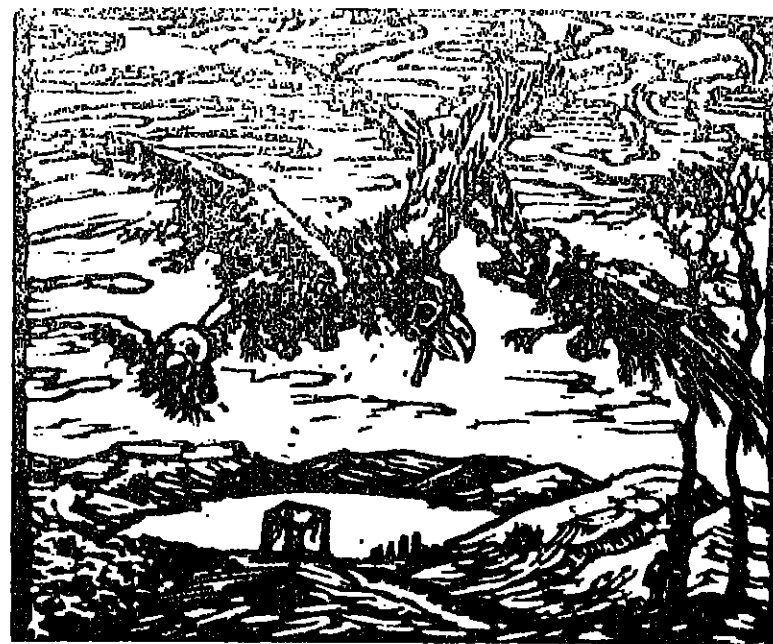
THE LATE Ludwig Scherwin (1897-1983) is being honoured with a small memorial exhibit at the Israel Museum. Born near Heidelberg, Scherwin served in the German forces in World War One and left Germany in the Thirties to travel around Europe. He visited here in 1937 and returned for good two years later, building up a solid reputation as a landscape artist, usually in pen-and-ink or wash. For a while he taught at the Bezalel. Scherwin concentrated on genre scenes and was good with animals, particularly donkeys; they became his trademark. His earlier work included portraiture and was influenced by German expressionism. (Israel Museum). Till end August.

JERUSALEM'S NEWEST gallery is located in the Bukharan Quarter in one of the city's oldest and most beautiful streets. The aim of the gallery is to foster an exchange of ideas between art and Judaism. The current show, "Black on White" offers both symbolic, figurative and abstract works on paper, and is devoted to aspects of using black as a material, dimension, volume and as a vehicle for the emotions. Shaul Shatz shows highly professional etchings of landscapes that dissolve into his abstract-expressionist origins, while Yoram Raanan exhibits calligraphic wash paintings that combine elements of Zen painting and American gestural painting after Kline and De Kooning, all of them well controlled. Yitzhak Greenfield, in a series of prints, uses his familiar



Yoram Raanan: wash painting (Serafim Gallery, J'lem).

Ran Harari: untitled painting, oil on paper, from his current show at the Debel Gallery, Ein Kerem.



Ludwig Scherwin: "Gallows Birds," woodcut, 1923 (Israel Museum).



Yitzhak Greenfield: etching, from "Black on White" (Serafim Gallery, J'lem).

## Accentuating the positive-negative

Edith Varga-Biro

AMONG THE conceptual works of the American-Japanese-Israeli participants in the "Window-Room-Furniture" exhibition in Ein Hod, those of the Israelis are the liveliest. They are 35 graduating artists from Haifa, students at the Technion (Faculty of Architecture) and the Canadian Hadassah-Wizo Neri Bloomfield College (Departments of Graphic Design and Photography).

A sense of volume prevails, with a preference for the cube. The Israeli entries are often "down-to earth," even to the point of using the foremost Near-Eastern material: clay. One of the exceptions is Moroccan-born Avi Turjeman's "Window," which ceases surface effect through blurring intervening space. Ilana Oreliv's dynamic photo-sequence is a good example: a stone falling out of a small room's wall leaves a hollow place and becomes "Furniture." Many participants from the WIZO-college apply this idea of cutting-forms out of a structure, creating window and furniture at one stroke. Might this be interpreted as an economy of means surviving from pioneer times - or a feeling that many of us are a small, ripped-out piece of a past whole?

The idea of positive becoming



Rami Yanovsky: "Window-Room-Furniture," clay (Jance-Dada Museum, Ein Hod).

negative - and then positive again - is translated into a clay construction with ancient Near-Eastern reminiscences by Rami Yanovsky. A figure is shown in a negative mould, being absent and present at the same time.

Contrasts of light and shadow are important elements in many entries. They are applied to create space in Orly Assaraf's photographs of a built model.

The purely conceptual is taken up successfully in several works, of which, I most liked Galia Ganan's intricate perspex cube.

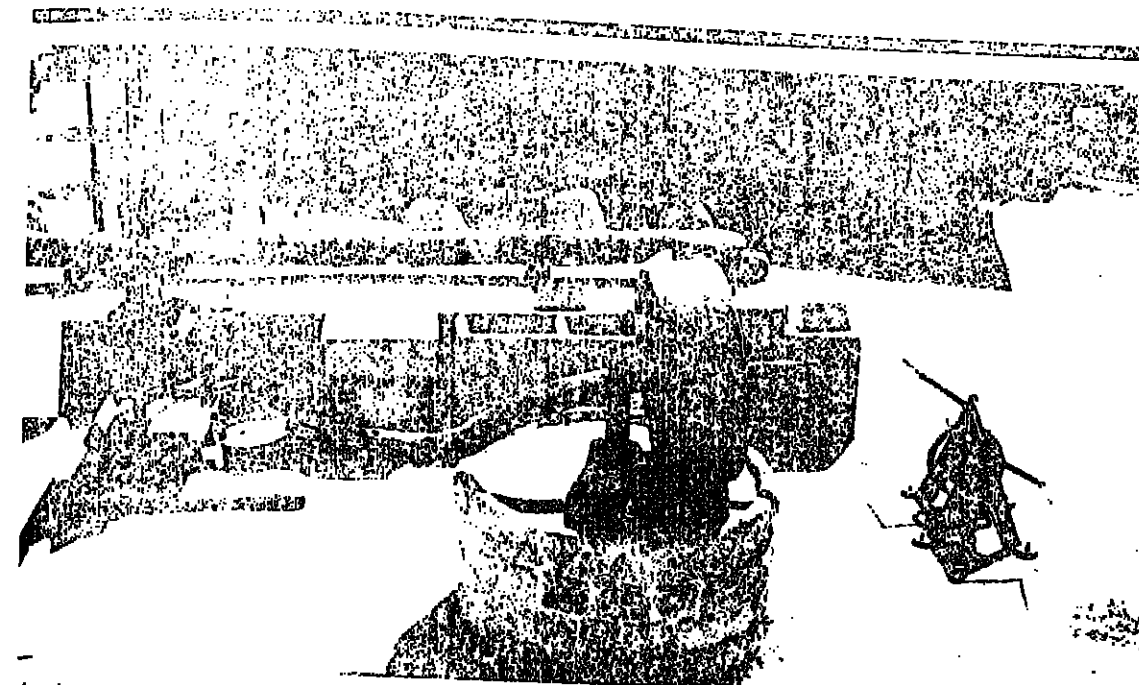
Many of the Israeli projects, in contrast to the American and Japanese ones, express overt or concealed human feeling: fear, compassion, mourning, metaphysical yearning and nostalgia. Elements in many of these angular constructions, make

contact with each other almost sensually. The principle is well stated by participant Shlomit Goldberg: "The line, minimal in its essence, defines...while each circumscribed area touches another."

Yitzhak Klein questions the legitimacy of this whole project in the face of total destruction, expressed poignantly in his photographic series. Yoram Zung's miniature cemetery for the fallen is also an explicitly rendered illustration to Yehuda Amichai's poetical metaphor of a grave as an eternally closed window.

The 14 Japanese architects participating do not seem to have taken the project very seriously. This is not surprising, as architectural elements have quite a different meaning in Japan, where sliding doors serve as windows, beds and chairs are stuffed fabrics stored away when not in use, and the room is conceived as an integral part of the garden. Arata Isozaki shows two works of art: lead casts of geometrical design. Genpei Akasegawa, with rather robust humour, draws a caricature. Apart from this derivative approach, the Japanese entries are all in impeccably good taste. (Ein Hod, Jance-Dada Museum). Till end Succot.

(This is the second of a two-part review. The first appeared on July 27).



Ancient and early mechanical oil presses at the newly opened Museum of the Olive Oil Industry, located on the grounds of the Shemen plant in Haifa.

## In Memoriam — HANS JAFFE

Henriette Boas

HANS JAFFE, who passed away in Amsterdam on July 24, just a week before he was due to retire as Professor of Modern Art History at the University of Amsterdam, survived by less than five months the late Willem Sandberg, to whom for nearly 20 years he was Deputy Director at the Stedelijk Museum for Modern Art. While Sandberg, after his retirement as Director of the Stedelijk, became Adviser to the Israel Museum, Jaffe, who was Jewish, was for many years Director and later a member of the Board of Governors of the Jewish Historical Museum in Amsterdam. Yet Sandberg and Jaffe, who was nearly 20 years his junior, though sharing a deep interest in modern art, were as different as two men can be, both in background and personality.



Hans Jaffe, a recent etching by Herbert van Rhee.

Jaffe was born in Frankfurt-am-Main in 1915, to an assimilated family which took a great interest in art. His father, whose name was Cohn, was a professor of Obstetrics at the University of Frankfurt. After Hitler's rise to power young Hans, then 18, succeeded in passing his final examinations and then left for Holland to study art at the University of Amsterdam, under the name of his mother and maternal Amsterdam uncle, Jaffe, as it was felt that the name of Cohn might be too much of a handicap, even in Holland.

Jaffe proved a very gifted student and in 1936 was offered a position as a volunteer at the Stedelijk, a year before Sandberg arrived there as a "conservator" or keeper of a department. Well before the German occupation Jaffe helped organize a number of exhibitions and made up a number of catalogues. He thus also made the personal acquaintance of a number of artists, among them Max Beckmann, who had also fled Nazi Germany (during the German occupation Beckmann found a hiding place with an atelier and produced many of his paintings there). The Germans dismissed Jaffe from the Stedelijk. In 1942, after a brief stay in a French internment camp, Jaffe reached Switzerland and in 1944 reported to the Dutch Government-in-exile in London. The Dutch Government later sent him to search Germany for art objects looted from Holland. Soon afterwards he returned to the Stedelijk, where Sandberg had just been appointed Director, as Deputy-Director. In 1956 he took his Ph.D. at the University of Amsterdam with a thesis on the "De Stijl" group (1917-1931) led by Piet Mondrian and Theo van Doesburg, a group to which he, though not a painter himself, felt very close in spirit.

chiefly in modern art, it did not mean "the newest of the newest for newness' sake."

In the end, it was inevitable that the two men came into conflict. It had always been understood that after Sandberg's retirement in 1963, Jaffe would be named his successor. But not long before his retirement, Sandberg made it clear to Jaffe that he did not consider him the right man and preferred someone else. Jaffe thereupon resigned and became Professor of Modern Art History at the University of Amsterdam (incidentally, Sandberg's successor at the Stedelijk, Eduard de Wilde, who had previously been Director of the Van Abbe Museum in Eindhoven, has himself now reached the age of retirement. On this occasion the Stedelijk is currently showing an exhibition of some 260 works collected by De Wilde during the two decades of his tenure under the title "Twenty Years of Collecting"; an illustrated catalogue of 324 pages of this farewell summer exhibition is a lasting monument to De Wilde.)

Jaffe's conflict with Sandberg was actually a blessing in disguise. He was a highly successful professor and inspired numerous students, to whom he was an older friend. An unusually large number of post-graduate students took, or wanted to take, their Ph.D. with him. A Jubilee Volume prepared on the occasion of his retirement by former students and colleagues, "With one's own eyes" (*Met eigen ogen*) was presented to him on his sickbed. He had also received many invitations to lecture abroad, in the United States and elsewhere.

From 1957 till 1975 Jaffe was also Director of the Jewish Historical Museum in Amsterdam, first as Deputy-Director of the Stedelijk, for the Jewish Historical Museum is also a municipal museum. But he continued in this position, a very part-time and voluntary one, when he no longer was at the Stedelijk. It was greatly due to his efforts that the Jewish Historical Museum expanded to the extent that in 1975 it was found necessary to appoint a full time Director. Jaffe was also one of the driving forces behind the impending transfer of this museum to the former Great and New Synagogues at the Jonas Daniel Meyer Square. This transfer, which is taking longer than expected, he has not lived to see. But when it materializes, his name will not be forgotten.



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THE DUTCH in their watery delta, constantly threatened by the sea, have always been a freedom-loving people, ready to offer refuge to the oppressed, whether they were Huguenots fleeing from the wrath of Rome, or Jews scattered by the Inquisition, or whatever.

But freedom for its perpetuity demands restraint or, failing that, constraint, both sadly lacking these days in Holland. It is freedom on the rampage that has attracted flotsam and jetsam from the four corners of the globe to Amsterdam. This problem has been compounded by a massive influx of immigrants from the erstwhile colonies, the dusky chickens coming home to roost; finding the pickings somewhat lean, many of them have taken to a life of crime. This scene, initially concentrated around Amsterdam's picturesque red-light district, gradually spread its ugly tentacles.

Amsterdam's main tourist attractions are now drugs and sex. The crime statistics reveal not only the existing situation but also an exponential curve pointing to frightening prospects. Whenever the number of conventions decreases, it is not ameliorating conditions but relaxation of the law that is the cause. The figures quoted are for 1983, while those in parentheses are for 1972: Theft 42,222 (13,391); burglary 55,137 (10,946); theft and assault 2,788 (343); robbery 2,694 (225); thefts from cars 5,469 (2,784); total theft 187,300 (38,764). The total population of Amsterdam is 750,000.

It should be borne in mind that drug offences are the pebbles in the pond from which the circles of crime radiate, since the addict, unable to work and in constant need of money to support his addiction, takes to crime as a solution of despair. Therefore the recorded drug-offences - 1,715 in 1983 (as compared with 574 in 1972) - must be seen in a larger context of crime.

DRUG-GANG warfare has led to the proliferation of firearms, although the knife is still the preferred weapon. In 1983, 359 illegal guns were confiscated, along with 21,000 rounds of ammunition. The police are hamstringed by strict regulations in their fight against the drug trade. In many countries "the law" has set up rival distribution channels in order to penetrate the racket and learn about sources and finance and supply routes. But to the Amsterdam police, who play by the book, such covert methods are anathema. Says Brigadier Wilman after 13 years of service with the narcotics division, "Only a small percentage, less than 1 per cent, are caught. Since you can't stop it, all you can do is try and contain it."

In 1983, 51 kilograms of heroin, 22 kilos of cocaine, 1,975 kilos of hashish, material for 2,752 LSD trips and 109,000 tablets of assorted narcotic drugs were confiscated. Brig. Wilman holds that the power of the trade (political, financial and organizational) on a worldwide scale is so immense that no society can match it, let alone beat it.

"Is there no cure for drug addiction?" I ask rather naively, having done research on Nalaxone, a technically successful drug-antagonist which got nowhere.

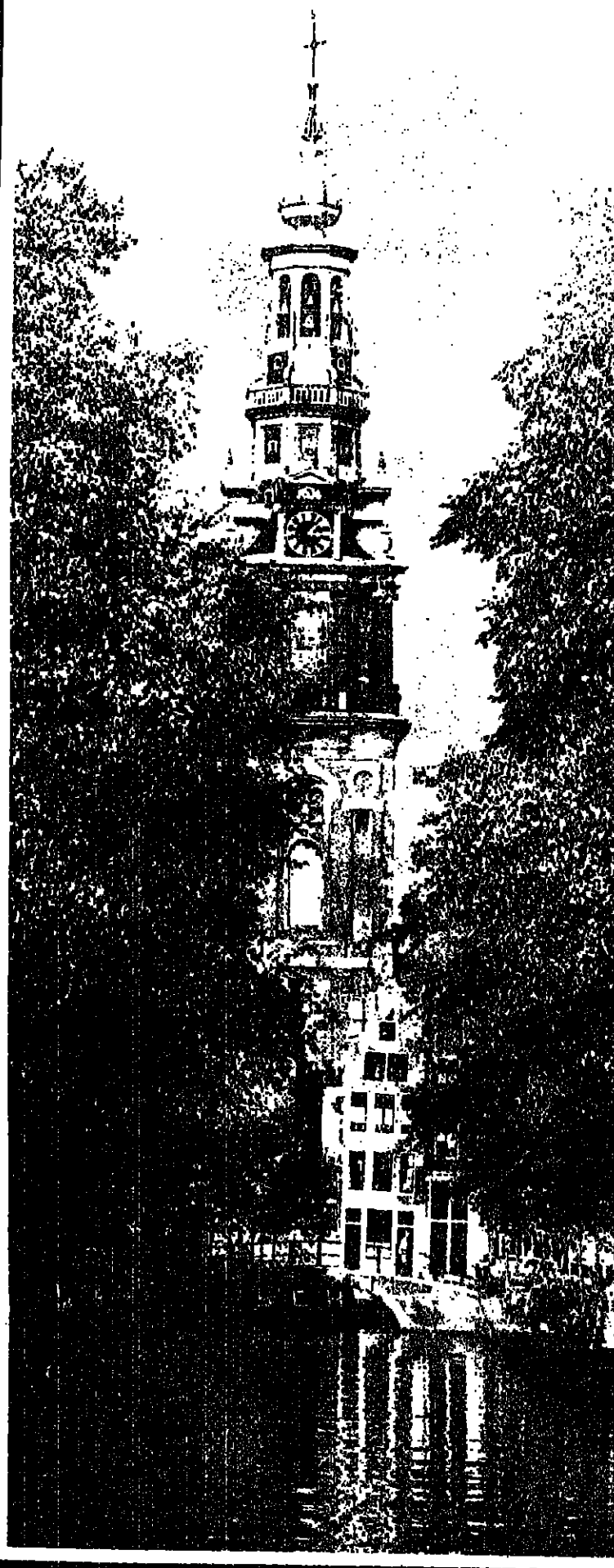
"Yes, there is," he says. And he describes a process where the addict is placed in a cell and fed and aired regularly, but otherwise left alone. No counselling, no psycho-therapy, no withdrawal drugs, nothing.

"Wouldn't he blow his mind?" I ask.

"Sure, a few do. But in time the metabolism adjusts itself to a drug-

## Law of return

WIM VAN LEER continues his survey of crime in Amsterdam, the city of his youth, and is struck by the pain he finds in nostalgia.



less condition. This means an enormous investment in suffering. It has been tried in various places, and it has worked. The other methods are merely palliative, rarely leading to permanent abstinence.

"Where has it been tried?" I ask.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" he answers mysteriously.

During 1983, 53 young people died in Amsterdam alone from heroin overdosing; in the first six months of

this year, 56 succumbed, two-thirds of them German nationals.

ON THE SEX scene crime wraps itself in gentler garb. In 1983 there were 183 cases of rape, for which 85 people were arrested. The city sports approximately 5,000 prostitutes plus a fair number of "provisionals." There are 200 sex shops and some 400 brothels. The police "morality division" reported a total of 405

crimes with a sexual basis in 1983 (against 569 in 1972). This reveals not so much an improvement in public morals as a lowering of the legal standards of morality. After all, if it weren't for the law there'd be no crime.

In the present climate the status of the pimp has changed and many women have dispensed with their services altogether. The women have acquired some managerial skills, and, what with a better class of clientele and the aid of organizations like *"Blijf van mijn lijf"* (Keep Off My Body), there is much less physical coercion. So the pimp's importance has declined.

The sex shops purvey sex aids and appliances, illustrated literature both straight and gay, and are doing a huge trade in video cassettes. There is room for everyone and interecine violence is rare. An exception is the Casa Rosso, a "live" sex-show establishment known as a "fucky-lucky" in the trade. It flourished - and was burned down, with the loss of 13 lives; but it has risen again like a phoenix in adjacent premises.

The policemen with whom I drove around Amsterdam at night spoke very highly of its proprietor, "Black Joey" (Joop de Vries to you). He is very good to his "actors" and pays them well. He runs a few "theatres."

I try to locate Mr. de Vries, but this being Sunday he is out of town. So I will have to make do with his publicity man, who is none other than Hans Knoop, an investigative journalist who played a major role in the capture and conviction of Peter Menten, the Dutch millionaire art-collector and one-time member of an S.S. *Sonderkommando*.

Mr. Knoop, for once, is a genuine Nazi-hunter. While he is being located I am invited to see the show - at a regular entrance fee of \$25, it is an offer one can't refuse.

The theatre has 110 pew-type seats plus standing room. The show, lasting some 45 minutes and explores the familiar sexual mutations. Each theatre in the chain has about seven couples, all young and obviously bored to tears. Any audio stimulation there might be is drowned out by the DJ's crashing rock-music.

The show opens with a naked black woman MC who proceeds to "play" with the audience, sitting in faltering laps, caressing building putes and messing up greying manes, issuing "naughty" invitations involving bananas. For the audience consists mainly of the half-past-middle-aged couples bused in from the backwoods of Bavaria and the industrial towns of northern France, transfer-passengers from Japan Airlines and some Dutch from the Catholic south whose local priest may look forward to some stimulating confessions come Sunday. Only the Japanese are stag. There being obviously more to procreation than meets the eye, they watch in mind-boggled silence.

After the curtain-raiser, we have a Negro and a German girl with a little cross around her neck. "Get that Nigger off her!" shouts a drunken redneck from the rear. One of the well-dressed ushers issues a warning. The Casa Rosso is well managed. The trouble with this act is that the black hasn't decided whether he's going to be a lie-down fornicator or a stand-up comedian: he gives a jokey commentary on the proceedings, "inaudible to me, but raising some bashful giggles in the front rows. He also invites some in the audience to take over his chores. But there are no takers. There being little comedy in the erogenous zones, the gags fall flat. Observing the audience is more rewarding than the mechanical routines on stage. What are they thinking about? Are

they reviving dormant memories? Regretting missed opportunities? Or rehearsing the stories they're going to tell the folks back home? Ah, the things people think up these days...

The acts are so mechanical that they even miss a spark of eroticism. Couples never speak, kiss or fondle. And so the programme unwinds predictably, with application rather than enthusiasm, evoking a modicum of tedium. As far as I am concerned, fornication as a spectator sport is a non-starter, the visual equivalent of a gramophone needle stuck in a groove. Had I received my libidinal indoctrination at the Casa Rosso I would have taken up bows or crochet instead.

When the final curtain, like all else, comes down, and the actors take their final bow, there is embarrassed applause. I watch the audience shuffle out of the theatre, their eyes downcast, looking like clobbered oxen.

HANS KNOOP has meanwhile been located. He fills in some of the background. The police had been right and Mr. de Vries (no relation to Prof. André de Vries, the eminent physician) indeed is an ideal employer.

The Casa Rosso now has four theatres each "manned" by some half-a-dozen couples earning \$75 per person per evening. There are six to 10 shows an evening, depending on demand. The enterprise has a turnover of \$1 million. Mr. de Vries, aged 52, is married and has two daughters. At one time he lived in Ashkelon.

He had been deeply shocked by the loss of life in the burning down of his theatre, and he refuses to reopen at that address.

There being no restrictions on any sexual manifestation (but copulating on the highways and so frightening the horses), no rackets have evolved, no risks are run which need exorbitant compensation. Thus, the industry is relatively "clean."

In the prevailing climate of licence, respect is in short supply, especially for property and authority. Which brings us to vandalism. In 1983 there were 2,993 cases of vandalism (compared with 713 in '72). Stealing bikes, popularly conceived as "public property," was something that was reported 9,387 times in '83 (down from 12,379 in '72). The decline can be explained thus: with only 369 bikes retrieved, the public stopped reporting bicycle thefts. Many, I am told, solve the problem by reciprocation.

Shop-lifting stands at 5,100 cases (960 a decade ago). Telephone booths, tram-shelters, street lamps, park benches, public transport and, of course, walls, especially of public buildings, carry the scars of the vandal's spraycan, carving knife or implement of demolition.

AS I SAID, the pursuit of times past in the city of one's youth is a painful pilgrimage to a cemetery of memories. I realize of course that there is more to Amsterdam than police district No. 5. But, to me, Amsterdam means walks along the ancient canals between the narrow clock-, step- and cornice-gabled houses, the wonderful reflections in the still green waters, the baroque carillon sounds from the elegant spires.

And one remembers, from eons of time ago, walking with near and dear ones, mentors, friends and lovers, now scattered, estranged or departed. Nostalgia - from the Greek *nostos* (return) and *algos* (pain) - is a powerful magnet, making one realize the price one pays for uprootment. But my journey of remembrance to once-cherished turf has cured me once and for all.



## PITA AND POLITICS

Text: Lev Bearfield Photos: Richard Nowitz

RAYA'S FIGHTING for her reputation.

Raya Darwish is one of the two women in the Western Galilee village of Peki'in who are famous throughout the country. The other is Mazal Zinati, matriarch of the last Jewish family in this fairly isolated hamlet of 4,000 Arabs and Druse. Mrs. Zinati, who maintains that her family has lived in Peki'in since the time of the Second Temple, is cared for by her daughter Margalit. She is frequently visited by her sons who live in nearby Ma'alot and Nahariya, and is doing just fine, thank you. Raya Darwish, however, is not nearly as happy.

Raya is famous for her bread, and bread is her livelihood. Few of the many visitors who come to Peki'in to visit the old synagogue which is maintained by the Zinatis fail to finish off their tour with a stop at Raya's roadside restaurant. Truth to tell, many visitors start at Raya's, and her cuisine and showmanship

remain the highlight of their visit. Tourists, youth groups, and especially the truckloads of soldiers who so frequently wander off on this remote stretch of road "by mistake," all agree that nobody does it like Mrs. Darwish.

What Raya does is to turn a small lump of dough by speedy sleight of hand into a mouth-watering, paper-thin, giant Frisbee of a pita known as an *eshanour* (or Iraqi-style pita, as it's sometimes called). She does it in a little hut in winter, and outdoors on the ground in summer. She does it according to a technique and a recipe that are probably as ancient as the surrounding olive trees. She's been doing it all her life, and while you can get *eshanour* elsewhere, the cognoscenti say you haven't tasted the real thing until you've tasted Raya's.

KIBBUTZIM in the area frequently invite Raya to demonstrate her bread-making skills, and she's been spirited away to youth camps and

even to army outposts to enliven *kumizim* and other festive occasions. But Raya is probably at her best when she's sat down in front of her own hearth at home. There you can watch her fuel the fire with olive wood and feed the flames with teaspoons of the highly combustible crushed cross that remains from the village olive presses. Whip-flip goes the dough in the air, slap goes the Frisbee onto a shaping cushion, wham-bum onto the red-hot iron griddle. A few seconds on one side, a few on the other, off it comes, a quick Origami fold, and into the mouth of the next salivating customer.

Raya keeps up a running commentary while she practises her art, and she even invites onlookers to try their hand themselves. Respectful of the glowing metal griddle-hood of the stove, few accept the offer. In any event, few can take their admiring eyes off Raya's hands, which are as quick and supple as they are calloused.

To complete the treat, you can fight for one of the few tables set up in front of the Darwish residence. There, Raya's husband Ali or one of their 10 children will serve you plates of humous and the soft goat's-milk cheese known as labaneh. Each comes drenched in the glistening olive oil for which Peki'in is famous.

WITH THEIR thriving little goldmine of a café, why, then, is Raya Darwish worried about her reputation? Simply because some competition started up across the road recently - and the newcomers have allegedly engaged in some unfair trade practices.

With a significant glower at the new café with its big sign welcoming soldiers, Raya says that "someone" has been spreading rumours that she and her family are sympathetic to enemies of the state.

"A horrible libel!" snaps Raya, bristling with umbrage. "And may the tongue of anyone who says such a thing turn to wood!"

She then springs up from her oven and leads her visitor by the arm into the house, where she displays notebooks full of endorsements and testimonials that she's been collecting in her defence. Page after page shows army officers, tour-group leaders, kibbutzniks and casual visitors all praising Raya's hospitality, goodheartedness and loyalty.

Raya says that many Israelis, including soldiers, have slept in her home, and that some of her IDF friends have even talked to the restaurant owners across the road about the rumours (the latter vehemently protest their innocence). The usually taciturn Ali Darwish says his family has always been loyal to the state, and adds that during the War of Independence, he personally protected Peki'in's one Jewish family from harm. Margalit Zinati says she doesn't remember that exactly, but says that Ali is a good fellow nonetheless.

It's a sorry state of affairs when politics intrudes on a pastoral little place like Peki'in. Jamil Sabagh, a Christian resident of the village, says tensions in Peki'in are related to events just over the border in Lebanon, where the Christian, Druse and Moslem citizens of Peki'in all have relatives. But he says cooler heads have prevailed, and so far there has been no intercommunal conflict in Peki'in.

Raya Darwish is convinced that the rumours about her family will fade away. They haven't hurt her business, but she's angry about them all the same. "I just want to bake my bread and see people enjoy themselves at my tables," she says. Sounds fair enough.



IN THE cover illustration of John A. Grim's study, a shaman of the Soyot people of western Siberia stands in histrionic pose with his drum. The graphic artist has deepened the white of his eyes, so as to suggest their habitual brightness in a shaman. The pose recalls 19th century come-ons of illusionists or jugglers.

A talented shaman can combine the skills of performer, seer, doctor, poet, narrator, and traveller. It has been argued that shamanic skills underlie the No theatre, and the traditional theatres of India and China. (The traditional painting of a pine on the wall at the back of the No stage is recalled in a photo in Grim's book of a pine attached to one corner of a lodge constructed for a diviner in Wisconsin, in 1899.)

Grim relates American Indian shamanism to the shamanic traditions of Siberia, where religious patterns were formed that Siberian migrants took with them to North America maybe 10,000 years back. Unfortunately, he plays overmuch with theological counters, and his argument is often abstract and jerky. He doesn't sufficiently catch the intensely dramatic character of a powerful shaman. A screen of book-knowledge stands between the reader and the experience. It is through quoted passages of shamanic legend that something pithier is conveyed. Here, for instance, is an account of the beginnings of the Turkish-Sigay shaman Kyzasov.

"I have been sick and I have been dreaming. In my dreams I had been taken to the ancestor and cut into pieces on a black table. They chopped me up and then threw me into the kettle and I was boiled. While the pieces of my body were boiled, they found a bone around the ribs, which had a hole in the middle. This was the excess bone. This brought about my becoming a shaman. Because, only those men can become shamans in whose body such a bone can be found. One looks across the hole of this bone and begins to see all, to know all, and that is when one becomes a shaman..."

The splendid image of "the excess bone" — an energy not needed for daily life, and maybe inimical to it — is first introduced, and then is quietly, almost slyly, reinforced by the image of the hole in the middle — the metaphysical gap through which a shaman sees the real world.

Such images need to be placed in

## Coyote & company



**THE SHAMAN: Patterns of Siberian and Ojibway Healing** by John A. Grim. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press. 272 pp. \$19.75.

**THE COYOTE: Defiant Songdog of the West** by François Leydet. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press. 231 pp. \$7.95.

**CHEROKEE DANCE AND DRAMA** by Frank G. Speck and Leonard Broom. In collaboration with Will West Long. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press. 112 pp. Price not stated.

**IMAGES OF AMERICAN INDIAN ART** by Robert H. Ashton and Jozsef Stuart. Walker Art Gallery Book, 720 Fifth Avenue, New York. 72 pp. Price not stated.

**MAGIC IMAGES** by Edwin L. Wade and Renard Strickland. Philadelphia Center and University of Oklahoma Press. Norman, 128 pp. \$15.95.

**Dennis Silk**  
the environment of poems. Kyzasov's excess bone startlingly evokes a

stanza of Yents' more crafted poem. *The Collar Bone of a Hare.*

*I would find by the side of that water  
The collar-bone of a hare  
Worn thin by the lapping of water,  
And pierce it through with a gimlet,  
And stare  
At the old bitter world where they  
murry in churches,  
And laugh over the untroubled water  
At all who marry in churches  
Through the white thin bone of a hare.*

Grim isn't any more successful in his discussion of the Ojibway trickster. The American Indian trickster in his several forms — Nanabozho, Rabbit, Raven, Coyote, others — is a kind of Harlequin with religious undertones. Here again poetry is the key, for instance the Nez Percé Coyote poems translated in Jerome Rothenberg's *Shaking the Pumpkin*, a selection of American Indian poetry. They allow an immediate entry into tribal thinking.

The general ethnographic material in this book is more vivid, the tales of Will West Long, the authors' principal informant, in particular. The indeterminacy of life-forms among the American Indians is well

exemplified in the following folk-tale:  
"...the Ani-Nagumi... voluntarily abandoned the form of human beings and became a company of bears... These people abstained from food for seven days and had the will to live in the woods as 'a drove of bears.' Said they, as they departed, 'We are going where there is always plenty to eat. Hereafter we shall be called yami (bears), and when you yourselves are hungry come into the woods and call us and we shall come to give you our own flesh. You need not be afraid to kill us, for we shall live always.'"  
Here is another bear-tale:  
"...a man who was lost found a she-bear, lived with her, and had offspring. He hibernated with her and she led him with chestnuts which she produced by rubbing her palms whenever he was hungry. She foretold her death by hunters; finally the hunters came with dogs and she was called out and killed. She had told him to look behind, after she was killed, and he would see her return to life. He did so and saw that she had come back to life. Then the hunters found the bear-man and were glad to get him and took him home. It was a year before the hair dropped off his arms and he became tame."

*Images of American Indian Art* is an extremely general introduction with a commentary built around a good choice of illustrations. So many tribal cultures are covered in seventy-two pages that the commentary is spread thin. I was struck by the huge eagle painted on a Crow tepee, and by the *payukyanu*, the Hopi clown.

*Magic Images* is a more specific book based on an exhibition of 37 American Indian artists. Some are experimental, others work within the limits of a contemporary development of traditional styles. Some rehash buffalo hunts and war parties. A few have done something more complex. Harry Fonseca, a Majdu artist, paints the fortunes of his leather-jacket Coyote in the city. His subject suggests Eliot's juxtaposition of Agamemnon and Apeneck Sweeney save that Fonseca is a great deal closer to Coyote than Eliot to Agamemnon.

*Viking and Penguin New York* this autumn will publish *Dennis Silk's* *Hold Fast*, a collection of poems about tenacity and travel.

novels, poems, biographies, articles on gardening and dogs, even a detective story. Vita was as passionate a gardener as she was a lover — the gardens of Sissinghurst, her Kent estate, remain a national showplace.

She was well known more for her weekly newspaper column on this subject than for her novels and poetry. One of the great sorrows of her life was her realization that she was not a "great" writer. Among her works, two novels: *The Edwardians* (1930) and *All Passion Spent* (1931), and a long poem, *The Land* (1926), seem most likely to keep her name alive. *The Edwardians* recreates "the lavish, immoral ancien régime of her childhood"; in *All Passion Spent*, the 88-year-old heroine decides, on being widowed, to rebel against having been her husband's submissive "appendage."

An ancient recollection — circa 1934 — floats into focus: on a public library shelf, in drab green binding, stands *The Edwardians*, by V. Sackville-West, an asexual, mysterious name. Well, not for much longer. A friend travelling in England has been enjoined to bring me a copy. Vita may be a writer of second magnitude, but she sounds intriguing enough to be worth a try.

**FRANK G. SPECK and Leonard Broom**, in their researches into Cherokee dance and drama, made disk recordings of dance songs but provide a limited stick figure notation for the dances. It is a pity that the dances were not filmed or else notated according to one of the contemporary systems of dance notation. The dances are described in a bald manner, and probably would be hard to reconstruct. To record such dances, without a proper system of notation, requires the eye of an Edwin Denby or a Beryl de Zoete. The question always is how lively and trained is the observer. These observers seem to me extremely dull. Perhaps the Cherokees could have made a much more graphic record of the movements of their Caucasian observers.

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## Tel-Nazi

**KESSLER** by John Brason. London, BBC. 205 pp. £2.50

**Richard Penniman**

John Brason's *Kessler* is the offspring of the BBC TV serial of the same name. This transposed and limp narrative records the pursuit of "one of the most-feared members of the SS: Standartenführer Ludwig Kessler, seigneur of the Low Countries". It unravels to a predictable conclusion.

"Kessler's comfortable life is shattered when a journalist unmasks him. A beautiful Israeli girl begins her private vendetta against him aided by a German official who knows that Kessler holds the key to the vast and powerful web of neo-Nazi organizations."

The shock of this enterprise is that both book and TV serial are BBC productions. *Kessler* makes for a bloody subject, and a flat, uninspired read. I would be remiss not to add that any book whose genesis is a hit film or TV serial is merely a spoke in the publicity wheel.

There I was, reading along in this much-praised book by Czech expatriate Milan Kundera, and I was thinking, Yes, everything the critics have said about it is correct, it's an absolute joy of a novel. The only thing is, it isn't quite a novel. It's more like a series of variations. The parts seem to be leading toward a theme... I mean, it is a book about laughter and forgetting, but...

Then I hit page 105 and read:  
"This entire book is a novel in the form of variations. The individual parts follow each other like individual stretches of a journey leading toward a theme, a thought, a single situation, the sense of which fades into the distance..."

"It is a novel about laughter and forgetting, about forgetting and Prague, about Prague and the angels..."  
It is, in brief, a sad and beautiful book: part short story, part novella, part lecture, part anecdote, part poetry, part autobiography, part essay, part reportage, part fantasy, part reminiscence, part projection. In large part, however, it is a *cri de coeur* from a loyal son who has been parted from his beloved country.

This is what makes Kundera's laughter hollow, and his forgetting so difficult to come by. Writing with a sort of lyrical bitterness, Kundera presents his "variations," stories and sketches and random thoughts on exile, alienation and loss. Oh, yes, it's all very East European and Prague-y and even Kafkaesque. But it's also quite stunning in its originality, and moving in its sincerity.

IF I HAVE not made it evident by now, this is a difficult book to describe. But let me assure you, it is not a difficult one to read. To the contrary, it is a difficult one to put down. The stories, sketches and images of innocent people losing their loved ones, their sense of place, their identity, have a powerful impact.

The surreal adventure of the exiled and widowed Tannina, for example, who finds herself the only adult on an island populated by children, is about as incredible a fable as one is likely to find in contemporary literature. Whether he is being witty, satirical, lyrical or sad, Milan Kundera

## Sad and beautiful



**THE BOOK OF LAUGHTER AND FORGETTING** by Milan Kundera. Translated by Michael Henry Heim. New York, Penguin. 237 pp., \$4.95.

**LOVE AND GLORY** by Robert B. Parker. New York, Delacorte. 206 pp. \$13.95.

**CARDS OF IDENTITY** by Nigel Dennis. London, Penguin. 302 pp. £2.95.

**S. T. Meravi**

has a point to make in this book, and he makes it well: it is a terrible thing to be separated forcibly from one's

country. There can't be a Jew in this land who doesn't know that, but there are many people in the free world who haven't been able to absorb that message. This "novel" is infused with the kind of art that can screw that message into anyone's conscience.

No wonder the poets are the first to go to the gallows when the totalitarianists take over. Milan Kundera escaped to Paris — but he has been "de-published" in his native land. He was just too powerful with his pen. Read *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting* and you'll see why.

**ROBERT B. PARKER'S** novel you simply have to read to disbelieve. Boone Adams falls in love at his

first freshman dance with Jennifer Grayle (heavy surname), but she unrequites. Devastated, Boone drops out of college and gets drafted to Korea. He returns just in time to witness Jennifer's wedding. Re-devastated, Boone blows a career in advertising, tramps west and — did you guess it? — winds up a wino on the Pacific beach.

Visions of the holy Jennifer, however, pull Boone back from the brink. He returns to Boston, determined as Gatsby to outdo Jennifer's English professor husband. In short order Boone earns his B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. Out-Gatsbying even Gatsby, Boone gets his girl.

Only masterful writing can make such a flaccid story line stand up (see Scott Spencer's *Endless Love* for a case in point). Robert B. Parker may be the jack of a dozen books, mostly detective novels, but my guess is he's master of none. The writing in *Love and Glory* certainly could not be more pedestrian. But no doubt Parker saved all his "art" for the big climactic sentence, and I'm going to save you 206 pages of tedium and present what Parker has worked himself up to:

"Jennifer made a small nod with her head and stepped to me and put her arms around me and kissed me on the mouth and I felt myself unclench, and my spirit burgeoned, spread throughout me and mingled with her perfume and her heat and the weakness was gone and I pressed her against me with the unbested strength of a silent quarter-century feeling her press back and feeling my soul begin at last to romp with her in newly created pastures where eternity shimmered before us and time, just begun, was ours forever."

Frankly, I can't decide which is the most delicious phrase in this organic aggregation — the "burgeoning spirit," the "unbested strength" or the "shimmering eternity." That "soul romping in the pasture" begs for the prize, but actually I think the winner is, "Jennifer made a small nod with her head."

Jesus made a weeping with his eyes! How unlovely, how inglorious can you get? *Love and Glory* is the

kind of thing that gives love a bad name.

FIRST published in 1955, and now reissued in paper cover, *Cards of Identity* retains many dazzling effects, even if time has deprived it somewhat of its thematic sharpness.

This sly comedy is about a secret British society that transforms the identities of unsuspecting victims. Back in the 1950s, when the hot cocktail party topics were things like alienation, manipulation of the mass mentality, and facelessness in the coming age of automation, *Cards* no doubt had an added chill factor. Removed from that context and bumped up into the age of the cruise missile, Dennis's theme appears more peculiar than pertinent.

Still, those of you who enjoyed that other Fifties fable, *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, may very well get off on this story about purloining of personalities. Watching bumptious Brits being recast into butlers and whatnot in the mysterious mansion of Hyde's Mortimer provides a certain wicked amusement, rather like our secret enjoyment of the discomforts of "new Britons" who have exchanged their dhotis and turbans for Harris tweeds and bowlers.

ALONG the way, Dennis provides some elegant turns of phrase, very funny dialogue and Catch-22 illogicalities. Things reach a high point, for reasons too complicated to explain here, in a 50-page Shakespearean parody called *The Prince of Antioch*. Act I, Scene 3 takes place in the Ducal goose-roast. Enter the Count of Bualbeck, disguised as the Duke's clown:

COUNT: "Antioch's lost. Since your depart, Enos, that trusted much, hath turned! The pan, put out poor father's eyes, and wound him up a mummy. Your own be-trathed, the velvet Zenobia, raped by conspiring Turks, which have enslaved our mother. Our sisters now all concubines, praying to Muhomet, blood like a million Niles flooding our ancient seat."

PRINCE: "Oh, dear, what sorry news! My grief oblates in oozy gut-terals."

Oozy, man, oozy. The play alone is worth the price of the novel.

**VICTORIA GLENDINNING'S** preface to this well-researched, sober, yet unfailingly absorbing biography states that she would like to be "read as an adventure story." Undoubtedly it is one, to an almost bewildering degree, and on several unassailable levels. To start with, it has a heroine of impeccably noble birth. Vita's ancestral home, Knole, was given to Thomas Sackville by his cousin, Queen Elizabeth I, who later charged him with the mission of informing Mary, Queen of Scots, of her approaching execution. Vita herself was courted by Lord Lascelles whom she spurned — she thought him a ninny — and who later settled for Princess Mary, daughter of King George V and aunt of Elizabeth II. The book wallows in Asquiths, Churchills, and Balfours.

If adventure is action, there's a surfeit of it here — of a certain sort. It's often said that the upper crust and the lower depths have, for different reasons, flouted conventional sex mores; well, Vita certainly proved her half of this maxim. The 49-year union (1913-1962) of this predominantly masculine woman with the slightly feminine Harold Nicolson makes some modern "open" marriages seem hermetic.

## An adventure story

**VITA: The Life of V. Sackville-West** by Victoria Glendinning. London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 407 pp. £12.50

**Morris Springer**

The Nicolson's lived mostly apart, Harold at his various diplomatic posts, and Vita, when she wasn't abroad with friends, at home in England with her dogs, her beloved garden, her writing, and, from the age of 26, her virtually unbroken series of passionate lesbian affairs. On a scale from one to ten, Kinsey — I almost said Richter — would probably have placed her at 8.5. The author, in fact, leaves us to infer that Vita, after bearing two sons within four years of her marriage, virtually never shared her husband's bed again.

It is implied just as strongly that Harold not only did not mind too much, but never lacked for male consorts. What is not implied, but

stated, restated, and emphasized, is that this arrangement, by most standards a friendship rather than a marriage, formed the basis of an utterly devoted association for almost half a century. Happily, their money, position, and ferociously maintained discretion prevented any real scandal.

APART FROM Violet Trefusis, the daughter of a mistress of King Edward VII, who was her first and most tempestuous lover, Vita's paramours were middle-class women, most notably that frightened deer, Virginia Woolf. Vita emerges as voracious and possessive, abandoning but hating to be abandoned.

The effects of this marriage on the two sons is sharply depicted. Ben, the elder, married at 41, was divorced by 47, and never freed himself of his mother; Nigel, closer to Harold, was the healthier personality.

And what of Vita the writer? The author lists 54 books, including

novels, poems, biographies, articles on gardening and dogs, even a detective story. Vita was as passionate a gardener as she was a lover — the gardens of Sissinghurst, her Kent estate, remain a national showplace. She was well known more for her weekly newspaper column on this subject than for her novels and poetry. One of the great sorrows of her life was her realization that she was not a "great" writer. Among her works, two novels: *The Edwardians* (1930) and *All Passion Spent* (1931), and a long poem, *The Land* (1926), seem most likely to keep her name alive. *The Edwardians* recreates "the lavish, immoral ancien régime of her childhood"; in *All Passion Spent*, the 88-year-old heroine decides, on being widowed, to rebel against having been her husband's submissive "appendage."

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## Not Hannah Arendt

**AN ADMIRABLE WOMAN** by Arthur A. Cohen. Boston, David R. Godine. 228 pp. \$14.95.

**Evelyn Strouse**

SEVERAL YEARS ago, when *The New York Times* went on strike, a publication called *Not The New York Times* came into being, followed closely by *Not The Jewish Week*. What's wrong, then, with *Not Hannah Arendt*, at least as a subtitle for the present volume? For Erika Hertz, a young German philosopher, the admirable woman of the title, married to a much older, non-Jewish art historian with whom she flees first to Paris and then to New York, is Arendt's clone. Arthur Cohen, a careful researcher, makes his Erika the darling of the intellectual, moves her into that claimed turf of Jewish academics, New York's Upper West Side, prints her essays and articles in learned journals, installs her professorially in The New School, and has her write, to wild hosannas, *The Travail of Freedom*, thus establishing her in her rightful place on the Olympus of the mind. Yet much as all this reminds

one of Arendt, the big name is never mentioned, except toward the end of the book when, to suit the demands of Erika's own interests, Arendt's reportage of the Eichmann trial and the controversial *On Treason* that came out of it are briefly chronicled. Erika talks about "my friend Hannah Arendt" with the same insouciance that she uses when dropping the names of her other "friends," Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir.

THE LIFE of Hannah Arendt, however pseudonymed, should make splendid reading: she was a woman of wit and style and variousness, and had faults and virtues in common with all people, great and small. She was, in short, a recognizable human being, which Cohen's creation is not. Erika lacks humour absolutely and, what's worse, wallows in virtuousness and good works. She treats Martens, her deaf and aging husband, with saintly forbearance, never castigating him for his inability to turn scholarship into shekels, and for his abdication from the intellectual community through which she moves with such ease and authority. When, inevitably but rather later than one would have

expected, she meets a musician who turns her on, she refuses, even after his wife's desertion, to share his bed. A lot of pious nonsense is exchanged between the pair, the nadir (or apogee, depending upon your point of view) reached when Erika says to her boy friend, "But Simon, dear, we don't have to make love to be lovers."

The book is full of such pomposities and is, besides, execrably written. The grammar is tentative and the early pages are spotted with French phrases yanked in as if to illuminate the manuscript. Orwell writes that if you can't say what you want to say in English it probably isn't worth saying, but phrases like *carte de visite*, for example, seem easily translatable. Since, furthermore, Erika and Martens are supposed to be German, French is an unlikely language for so admirable a woman to lapse into.

It is not easy for a man to write from a woman's viewpoint. These difficulties go some way toward accounting for the lack of authenticity, the woodenness and one-dimensionality of Erika-Hertz. But nothing accounts for her self-complacency except the possibility that Cohen is taking a backhanded swipe at superior, successful women.

Despite all these reservations, I am ready to believe that a great many people will enjoy this tale of a modern woman of valour.

## A way with words

**THE DIVINER** by Brian Friel. Dublin, The O'Brien Press; London, Allison and Busby. 155 pp. £2.95.

**SECRETS** by Bernard MacLaverty. London, Allison and Busby; Belfast, The Blackstaff Press. 130 pp. £2.95.

**Dvora Getzler**

THERE is nothing "bog Irish" about these two good collections, but both are thoroughly Irish — in their vivid backgrounds; in stressing the pervasive, yet ambiguous, role of the Catholic Church; in focusing sharply on family tensions and loyalties; in their very humour; and in their confronting a poverty that has few parallels in Western society.

Both books are by well-established Irish writers: MacLaverty is best known for *Lamb*, one of the half-dozen titles that launched the prestige King Penguin series; Friel, better known as a playwright than as a short-story writer, has recently enjoyed success in the West End. Friel has a slight edge over MacLaverty, to my mind; his tales are better rounded, his imagination richer and deeper probing; but MacLaverty at his best, as in *Secrets*, is

very good.

Both authors excel in portraying children, and produce heart-rendingly powerful evocations of the mystery and trust, fears and hopes of childhood battling in an adult world. Both bring out the claustrophobia of a small, poor country. Thus, all that's left for MacLaverty's Sammy to do on his fiftieth birthday is to get roaring drunk on the dole money; housewife Nan, remembering a long-ago holiday, primes herself with a bottle of Chianti, arranges to have the kids off her hands for the day, envisages romance, and calls in Umberto Verdi, Chimney Sweep, in the story of the same name, only to find him "small, fat and fifty if he was a day." Friel, in "The Gold in the Sea," hears his fishermen argue about the long-sunk cargo of bullion they plan to raise, and listens to Cont, who has sailed longer and further and knows the bullion is a myth, but who pleads, "It's better for them to think it's there. They're young men... they never got much out of life..."

There is humour here, too, though it is usually of that variety where a sob caught in the throat threatens to turn laughter to tears.



THESE thrillers are set in the frameworks of widely divergent events in the history of Israel: the UN meetings culminating in the fateful resolution of November 29, 1947; and the bombing of the Iraqi reactor on June 7, 1981.

*Operation Susannah* deals with an age of innocence when issues were clear and simple, the Jews wore the white hats and the Arabs the black. The heroine, Felicity Robbins, a beautiful blonde, who looks "every inch a WASP," is in reality the American granddaughter of a rabbi. She speaks Spanish and French fluently, and has been working in public relations in the U.S.

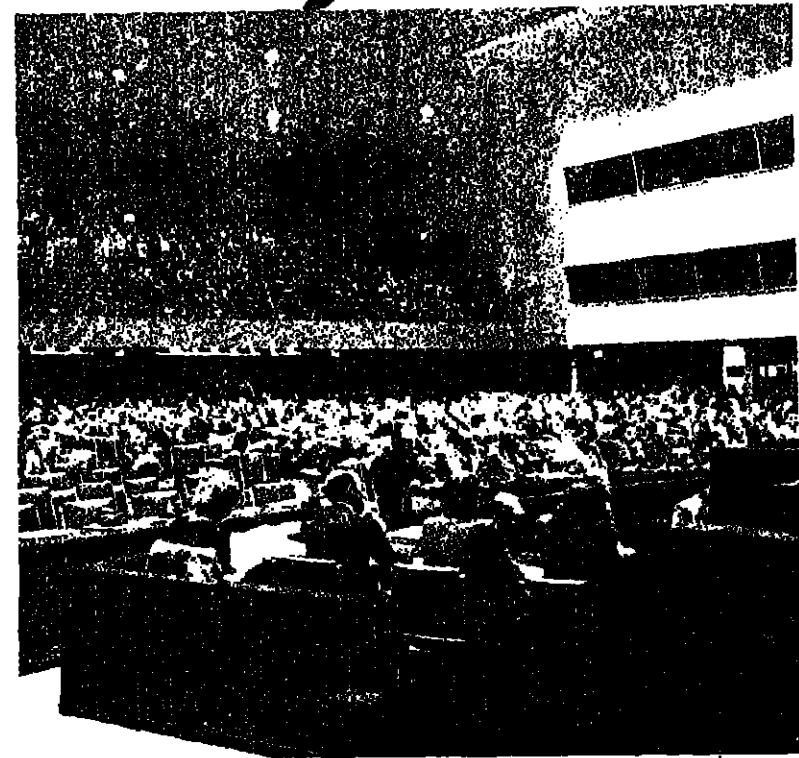
Constantine Herzog, the fictional head of the Jewish Agency delegation in 1946 and 1947, has the good sense to enlist Felicity as liaison officer between the Agency and the 20 Latin American delegations at the UN meetings culminating in the sceptible Latins into voting for the creation of a Jewish state.

The Arabs regard her rightly as the greatest possible menace to their cause, and make many rather ham-handed attempts to counter her influence. They wreck her hotel room, threaten her with anonymous phone calls, kidnap her, try to bribe and even to rape her. All these efforts end in abysmal failure.

But Felicity is less successful in countering the enemies within, that is the arrogance, smugness, stupidity and small-mindedness of the Israelis in her delegation. Excellent soldiers, they try to conquer the diplomats of Latin American and Africa with the same methods they used on the battlefield. And there is a traitor in the camp.

Dorothy Adelson describes very vividly the milieu of the UN in 1947, when it was in temporary quarters at Lake Success. The struggle

## Felicity's charms



**OPERATION SUSANNAH** by Dorothy Adelson. New York, Penderbury Press. 193 pp. \$13.95.

**SNAP SHOT** by A.J. Quinnell. London, Futura. 264 pp. £1.95.

Philip Gillon

to fulfil the age-old dream of the Jews, and to provide a home for the survivors of the Holocaust, is waged in the Waldorf-Astoria, El Morocco, Le Petit Berger, the Russian Tea-Room, and fashionable art

galleries. For every occasion, Felicity has to wear the right costume and hat, or a precious vote may be alienated.

The fly-leaf tells us that Dorothy Adelson worked at the UN in public relations for the Jewish Agency delegation, and clearly her book is a blend of remembrance of things past and of fiction. I wanted to be in the position to identify members of the Agency. For anyone interested in a crucial period in our history, this book is fascinating reading.

ISRAEL HAD become a very diffe-

rent kettle of fish in the period about which A.J. Quinnell writes in *Snap Shot*. Everything, from sex to espionage, from diplomacy to photography, has become very, very sophisticated. No one is as naive as the Jewish characters were in 1947.

The Israeli suspect, with good reason, that the Israelis intend to use the Tammuz I nuclear reactor at El-Tuwaitia, supplied to them by the villainous French, for the creation of nuclear weapons with which to destroy Israel, despite the fact that Iraq has signed the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. But the Mossad must have clear and convincing proof of imminent danger before the government will launch so hazardous an attack on the reactor, with the consequent damage to Israel's good name in the world.

David Munger, a half-Jew, the world's greatest combat photographer, has quit his profession, and become a hermit in Cyprus. The Mossad, with the help of a beautiful psychologist, Ruth Paget, manages to enrol him to take the all-important photograph.

Quinnell builds up his background with convincing authenticity, although somewhat laboriously.

But the thriller eventually takes fire, and the reader, who has been conscientiously working his way through the build-up, suddenly finds himself gripped.

Quinnell has done his homework well. If the Israeli Government, the Mossad, and all the foreign intelligence agencies did not work exactly in the way he describes, they should all be ashamed of themselves: he carries complete conviction. We emerge convinced that Israel had no alternative but to bomb the reactor, and that the country was saved by David's skill as a photographer and a picker of women.

## Criminality

Benny Morris

IN HER latest, *The Killing Doll* (Hutchinson, £7.95), Ruth Rendell again takes us into the world of psychosis - this time she gives us not one but two psychotic murderers, each twisted in his own closed and deadly world, each ultimately breaking out to wreak havoc on an unsuspecting world.

"The female of the species, Dolly,



has problems because of an extended birthmark, and takes to magic and its spin-offs. Eventually she does in her brother's lover's husband by pushing him under an oncoming tube train. Her father, unknown, writes historical romances.

The Irishman is a clear case of schizophrenia; he has a bagful of Harrods knives, enough to equip a suburban kitchen, or a madman.

Of course, the paths of our heroes ultimately converge, to telling effect. Very good read.

FRANCIS DURBRIDGE's latest has a similar title, *The Doll* (Coronet, £1.75), but it is light years away in terms of quality and grip.

Anoushka Hempel is a name to conjure with. She appeared in the television series "The Doll," which preceded the writing of this book. On TV it - and she - looked much better. Here, the mysterious story of Phyllis du Sallé falls very flat, and Peter Matty's search for truth would bore the pants off a dust collector. The characters too are flat.

Not so *Balletre* (Corgi, £2.95), by Kenneth Goddard, which has a pro-Arab Greek terrorist blow away half a U.S. police force and half a small town just to get everyone excited before taking out some oil wells.

The plot makes little sense, and there is far too much forensic detail (that's Goddard's real job), but the writing is vivid and the gory details are very explicitly presented. Keeps you reading.

PETER TURNBULL is touted on the cover of *Dead Knock* (Fontana, £1.50) as "Scotland's answer to Ed McBain." From what I can see, he's no answer at all.

We have some luscious blonde being done in after the heroin in the prawns disappears. So P-Division, Glasgow takes on the heavy boys, ultimately with success; but it's a plot getting there.

Trevor Rodin has a good run for his money in *The Black Tide* (Fontana, £1.95), in which Hammond Innes has some shady seamen make hay while oil pollutes Britain's shores.

To stop the pollution, Rodin's wife blows herself up along with an oil tanker, and Rodin vows vengeance. He spends his months tracking down sleazy Greek sailors and mates until justice is done. Readable, like everything else by Hammond Innes, but unimpressive.

JOAN PETERS, a Chicago-based journalist, has written an important book, especially for American and other foreign observers of the Arab-Israeli conflict. It also has value for Israelis, although her themes are well-known to veteran Zionists.

She spent seven years researching the origins of the Arab-Israeli conflict, beginning with the plight of the Palestinian refugees. In the process, she found overwhelming evidence in British, Turkish, Arab and Jewish archives to confirm the long-held Zionist argument that Jewish settlers in Palestine did not displace "native" Palestinians, but instead prompted Arab emigration to Palestine where new opportunities were created as a result of the Jewish inflow.

Her basic message, therefore, is that Israelis and other supporters of Israel need not feel guilty over the Palestinian question. She further backs up her point by noting that about as many Jewish refugees from Arab countries came to Israel just after the Palestinians left Israel during the 1948 War of Independence. In short, there had been a population transfer - a common phenomenon in world history.

Peters shows that Arabs and Jews did not live in harmony before the start of the Zionist movement and the creation of the State of Israel. Jews were always second class citizens in the Moslem countries - a point which many other scholars, especially Professor Bernard Lewis, earlier had documented.

ALL OF this is quite a revelation for Peters, who had started her research accepting the Arab-inspired notion that there was strong justice to the Palestinian claims against Israel. In the end, she comes down 100 per cent on the side of the Zionist movement, and collects an enormous amount of evidence to back up her case. The Palestinians - as we know them today - were not living in Palestine "from time immemorial," she says, but are relatively recent newcomers.

Besides the many new sources of primary information, the most useful aspect of *From Time Immemorial* is its collection in one volume of so



"Mysteries of the Red Sea" by Lev Fishelson and David Pilosof (Masada, ISBN 786) is the long-awaited English edition of the Hebrew bestseller. Prof. Fishelson describes the ecological complexity of the coral reefs while Pilosof's stunning colour photographs are shown to advantage by Magda Tsfaty's design. A.B.

## Victims of the lie

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL: *The Origins of the Arab-Jewish Conflict Over Palestine* by Joan Peters. New York, Harper and Row. 601 pp., \$24.95.

Wolf Blitzer

much of the earlier Zionist research. The forerunners of her book - Moshe Aumann's *Land Ownership in Palestine 1880-1948*, Shmuel Katz's *Battleground: Fact and Fantasy in Palestine*, Neville Mandel's *Arabs and Zionism Before World War I*, and Fred Gotthelf's articles on Arab immigration into Palestine - make the same basic points. So do various books, pamphlets and papers distributed by the Israeli Foreign Ministry, American Jewish organizations and other Zionist supporters. See *Myths and Facts*, a publica-

tion of the pro-Israel *Near East Report* in Washington. Still, Peters, a lively writer, does a solid job in pulling all of these arguments together in a readable and well-documented order.

She does make some sweeping statements. Referring to the history of the conflict, she writes: "Israelis too are confused and troubled. The older Jewish population can remember the violence, the Arab immigration, and the influx of Arabs from surrounding borders. But many young Israeli 'Palestinian' Jews react with anxiety, empathy and concern about their alleged culpability, in response to widespread perceptions about the Israeli 'occupation' of the West Bank, and the myth of the 'three-or-four million Arab Palestinians' excluded from their homeland inhabited by them since time immemorial." For

so long the propaganda has reiterated that 'Jews displaced Arab natives' in 'Palestine,' without even any factual framework for evaluating such allegations, that many Jews feel they must bear that guilt. It is not a new syndrome. Arthur Miller caught it well in his play *Incident at Vichy*, a treatment of the Nazi collaborationist Vichy regime in France and its mass arrests of Jews during World War II... Goebbels, Nazi exponent of Hitler's 'Big Lie,' averred that if a lie were repeated often enough and long enough, it would come to be perceived as truth. What he did not add was that the victim of the lie may also grow to believe it."

HER BASIC solutions are also well-known to Israel and its supporters around the world, particularly that the Palestinian refugees should be absorbed in the Arab world, where there is room and opportunity for them. "An Arab Palestinian state already exists in Jordan. The other Arab states can be encouraged to make room for those among the Arab refugees who have not yet been absorbed, and to give citizenship in their respective states of asylum to those outside Jordan. There is no brouhaha here for a facile solution, or one that would not be fraught with bitterness and antagonism. Before the India-Pakistan exchange of refugee populations was resolved, years of rancour and violence elapsed.

"What must not continue, what cannot be allowed to continue, is the cynical scapegoating of the Jewish state and the Jewish refugees therein, or the sacrifice of the Arab refugees who are, in the name of 'humanitarianism,' being employed inhumanely as a war weapon against Israel by the Arab world. In the face of these major problems, too many politicians and persons of influence choose to shut their eyes to the facts. Too many refrain from critical analysis of propaganda in order to preserve their illusions about the price of oil. And far too many, the overwhelming bulk of us, had never been furnished with enough data to understand what the problem really was."

Ruth got a permit to work for a bookseller in Scotland, where she eventually made her home, after first surviving internment. In between, she made several courageous return trips to Germany to see her mother whose death saved her from a sense of filial pity that would have led to her destruction.

This is the story of a quietly steadfast bookseller who refused to abandon belief in herself despite a society that burned books, and sent their authors to concentration camps. An intensely personal story, it is also a universal one.

## Understanding Libya

INVOLVEMENT, INVASION AND WITHDRAWAL: Qadhafi's Libya and Chad, 1969-1981 by Benjamin Neuberger. Tel Aviv, Tel Aviv University Shiloah Center for Middle Eastern and African Studies, Occasional Papers no.83, 78 pp. No price stated.

David Wasserstein

SINCE OVERTHROWING the monarchy of King Idris in 1969, Colonel Qadhafi's Libya has followed a course whose vagaries have seemed to many observers not only slightly ridiculous but also fairly incomprehensible. In this short but fascinating study, Benjamin Neuberger has taken Libya's involvement with its southern neighbour Chad, Libya's soft underbelly, in the years 1969-1981 to produce a case-study of Libya's foreign policy. He shows clearly that it is far from being either as formless, or as difficult to understand as it appears to be.

The first two chapters, which comprise nearly half of the essay, are devoted to a description of Chad's internal politics and Libya's

HERITAGE OF THE KAISER'S CHILDREN by Ruth Michaelis-Jena. Edinburgh, Canongate. 156 pp. £7.50

Meir Ronnen

THERE CANNOT be many contemporary autobiographies that recall what it was like to grow up in a small German principality after the turn of the century. The author's parents were emancipated Jews in every sense, loyal to the Crown but placing even more emphasis on their humanistic beliefs than on their identity as Jews. Her father dreamt of a united Europe. The second and livelier half of this modest book recounts how this dream came unstuck.

The humbling of Germany, the hopes of Weimar, the ravages of unemployment and inflation, the rise of Nazism, all find their way into a young girl's story of her attempt to carve a niche for herself in modern Germany. Apprenticed to a bookseller, she eventually ran her own store; but it had to be sold with the promulgation of the Nuremberg Laws. Her first love, a gentle, bowed out, and informed her that his family would never stand for his marrying a racially impure person.

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JOHN JAKES first performed a colossal feat in his "Kent Family Chronicles," which ran to eight volumes (1974-80). Now in *North and South* (Fontana, 730 pp., £4.95) he has embarked on a trilogy of which this is the first section. It can really stand on its own but it is good to know that there is more to come.

The novel begins with immigrants to America - a Hazard in the north, a Main in the south, and at this stage the writing is average - simple, often naive; direct, often stiff. The time is pre-Civil War by several generations, but as the characters near that period the story intensifies. It carries a mass of detail and has a strong, driving energy.

Two members of the families meet at Westpoint and become fast friends, even more so when they fight in the Mexican War. Gradually differences between the agricultural slave-owning family in the south and the industrial abolitionist family in the north begin to sharpen. The conflict between two basically decent-minded families is described through their lives and loves, with a good deal of convincing historical data.

There is drama and melodrama, action and argument but nothing remains stale or gets stale. The author portrays a situation where hysteria and hate, envy and violence, ignorance and incompetence all play a part in shaping the fate of the human pawns. One character, quoting the British statesman Edmund Burke, says: "One thing is necessary for the triumph of wicked men and that is for good men to do nothing."

This volume stops at the outbreak of the Civil War but already offers

## Midsummer reading

Dora Sowden

a new angle of the well-trodden ground.

EVAN H. RHODES also deals with pre-Civil War days, but in quite a different way. His *Vallant Hearts* (Berkley, New York, 402 pp., \$3.50) is also part of a series. The third volume of "The American Palace," it deals with Washington and a family that lived near, and was connected to, the White House during Andrew Jackson's presidency.

The central figure, Rebecca Brand, who was young in the earlier volumes, is now a mother and grandmother but still has influence in and outside the White House through personal connections and because she is a power-wielding columnist under an assumed (male) name. Texas becomes part of the scene because Rebecca's daughter runs off to marry a frontiersman. Texas had yet to be brought into the United States, and the terrible slaughter by the Mexicans at the Alamo provides some of the most vivid pages.

The only snag is that this volume leaves one hanging at the edge of the cliff, so to speak. The heroine and a grandchild are under imminent threat from the (fictional) villain and only the next book will tell whether they come through alive.

IF Shirley Streshinsky's *Hers the Kingdom* (Berkley, 597 pp., \$3.95) is a first novel it is a tour-de-force. Told in the first person by one of the active characters in the story - a

crippled girl - it spans the years 1887 to 1939; but it is the story of a family in California and not of a nation.

History touches the lives of the people in the personal complications. One son goes to war and comes back unhinged. The narrator's half-Chinese lover-husband goes to China to join the revolutionary forces. Yet the outside forces impinge on the domestic circumstances only as they affect Willa, the narrator's beautiful and headstrong sister, her children, her friends and her fierce fight to cling to the Malibu coast as private property. Lena, the narrator, keeps the parentage of her own child a secret until he is a grown man and able to cope with the situation. The telling, supposed to be a reconstruction of diary notes and memories, is dramatic, sweeping in progress and the portrayal of human frailty.

IF YOU have never read the fantasies of the late James Blish, the two books recently re-issued will come as treasure troves. They are imaginative, compellingly written, totally dissimilar.

The *Night Shapes* (Avon, New York, 125 pp., \$2.50) is set in the Belgian Congo jungle before that country gained independence. It is largely in the hands of concession companies and little is done from Belgium to counter the exploitation of the population. One African calls Leopold II "the devil king." But the story offers adventure, not history. Africa then, says the author, "was like a tattoo on the still face of eternity." This gives an idea of the

poetic quality of the writing, but it is direct, forward driving, full of action. An American, Kit Kennedy, has established himself among the natives, who have named him Klendi. When an expedition that includes an Englishwoman (later providing the love interest) arrives ostensibly to do scientific research, actually to discover the source of illegally mined pitchblende, he and his African assistant join the party.

From then on the story is as fantastic as a slice of Rider Haggard - but better written. A huge python attaches itself literally and figuratively to Kennedy and he uses it to work upon the superstitions of a hostile tribe. An area where prehistoric animals still survive is found, proving that the local beliefs have factual foundation. It is all as horrifying as a nightmare, as romantic as a dream - without ESP or Sci-Fi.

Doctor Mirabilis (Avon, 271 pp., \$2.95) is of quite different textures. It is a fictional-factual biography of the 13th century philosopher Roger Bacon. Based on the existing works and the very few details known about this Franciscan monk, who was a scientist before the days of science, the author has spun out a novel as gothic as the period, as intellectual as a work of deep research, as fascinating as fiction.

Political maneuverings and monastic jealousies and cruelties are laid bare with a strange reality. It is an aid if you remember a little Latin because Blish hasn't translated all the quotations. But you don't have to be a profound scholar to find this book absorbing.